

050
C 847

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

NOV 6 1912

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 710.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1910.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6AD.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



RITA MARTIN.

H.S.H. THE PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: H.S.H. the Princess Henry of Pless ..	213, 214
The Doctor and the School	214
Country Notes	215
The Children's Month. (Illustrated)	217
Tales of Country Life: The Light and the Dark, by Adam Lorimer ..	221
The Water-rail, by William Farren. (Illustrated)	223
Cider Tasting	225
The Medieval Servant, by G. G. Coulton. (Illustrated)	226
Country Home: Compton Park. (Illustrated)	228
Little Foxes	234
In the Garden, by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated)	236
Agricultural Notes. (Illustrated)	237
Dramatic Endings at Cricket. (Illustrated)	238
Literature	239
On the Green. (Illustrated)	241
An American Land Policy	242
Correspondence	243
Coccidiosis in Pheasants (Mr. John Stringer and Sir R. P. Cooper); Capercaille Attacking Human Beings (Mr. R. Lydekker); A Lost Pigeon (Mr. R. Miller); All Mixed Up (G. G. and Mr. Eldred Walker); A Tern's Blue Eggs (Mr. W. P. Pyecraft); A Case of Melanism (Mr. W. J. Brooke); Old-time Dancing (Miss Augusta Cook); A Defeated Swift (Mr. W. Wilson); Patterns (Mr. T. Ratcliffe); Worm-eaten Furniture; The Osier Strippers.	

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE DOCTOR . . . AND THE SCHOOL

WHEN the medical inspection of the scholars in elementary schools was instituted in 1907 some doubt was naturally felt as to the manner in which the doctor's appearance would be regarded by the parents and children. It was then also a matter of speculation as to what benefits, if any, were likely to result from a system that was bound to be expensive. Even at this date it is a little early to comment on the results as a great deal of organisation was required, and several years must pass before the medical inspection of school children is thoroughly systematised. Obviously it is not required to the same extent in all cases. The majority of children are healthy and robust, their condition is apparent to the eye, and examination is not needed, at least, examination of a detailed and particular kind. It is the minority that needs care, and this as regards hygiene as much as health. The first great lesson that doctors and nurses have to teach children is the virtue of cleanliness. Where this is not attended to every defect and every disease is accentuated. That children are not always kept sufficiently clean is an assertion that is as true of the middle and wealthy classes as of those who attend elementary schools. When in 1908 the nurses examined one thousand six hundred and seventy-seven pupils in secondary schools it was found that one-fourth of them were not personally clean. If this is so among children who come from well-kept homes and from the guardianship of intelligent parents it is not surprising that the inmates of the cottage are at least equally neglectful. The work of the medical officers consisted very largely at first of teaching the children lessons of cleanliness. There are three points which are frequently overlooked in the cottage child. One is the general cleanliness of the body, which is due to the insufficiency of bath accommodation. One of the worst features of the two-roomed cottage in which the labourer continues to be lodged to this day is that the toilet arrangements are necessarily cramped. Washing only too often means smudging the face, or a part of its area, with a wet flannel dipped in a diminutive hand-basin. The use of the bath

ought to be taught to the children. In summer, of course, the brook, river or even pond will serve the purpose, but in winter the problem is not so easy of solution, although there are many devices which are both cheap and effective for introducing this article of furniture into the cottage.

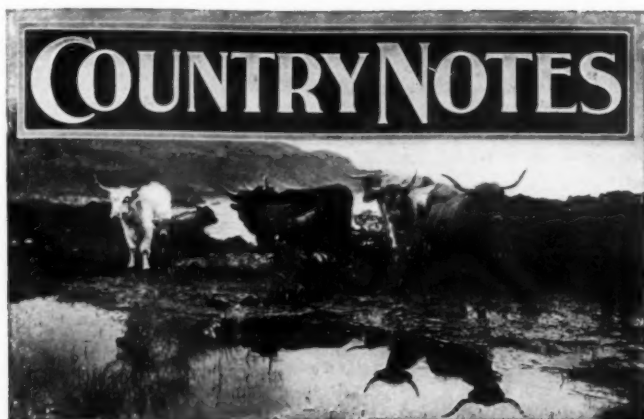
The next point is the hair, which is very seldom cleansed as regularly and thoroughly as it ought to be. Neither parents nor children understand that a clean head is not only essential to comfort, but that diseases of every kind arise from its neglect. Last of all comes the question of teeth, in regard to which cleanliness used to be ignored altogether. In consequence the teeth of poor children were found, in the majority of cases, to be in a frightful condition, and the cause of much needless suffering. But a welcome alteration has already been produced in this respect. In many day schools "Tooth Brush Clubs" have been established. Tooth brushes are sold cheaply to the children, and so is precipitated chalk. In some instances associations have been formed for the purpose of securing dental advice and care for those who suffer from bad teeth, and it is to be hoped that this movement will be extended. In the cottage there used to be only one sovereign cure for toothache, and this was to have the offending tooth pulled out, with the result that the elderly rustic is often toothless, or what Tennyson called "gap-toothed." The education of the future must concern itself with showing the sufferers from toothache that this painful disease may be alleviated or entirely prevented by the devotion of a small amount of care to the teeth. The principal thing is to inculcate the habit in the young. Already one can see evidence of the effect produced by medical inspection in whiter and cleaner teeth among the working-classes. We hope that the teaching of the doctors will cause this improvement to become permanent.

One of the most curious parts of Dr. Kerr's report is that dealing with the tests used to find out a child's deficiency in intellect. There are gross cases in which doubt is impossible. Of the children examined, about five per cent. failed to point to their mouths, but of course this might be due to a mulish refusal to answer and not to any mental inability to understand the question. Five per cent., it is said, did not know their names. The intellectual test of four year old children was to say whether they were boy or girl, to name such familiar objects as a key or a half-penny, to compare two lines as to length and to repeat three figures. About three per cent. of those examined did not know whether they were boy or girl, and another three per cent. replied in the affirmative to both questions. We do not feel satisfied about these tests, however. Slowness of apprehension, awkwardness, obstinacy, and a hundred reasons might account for the silly replies. Children who have been capable of giving incredibly stupid answers to a question at one period of their lives have not infrequently developed a strong intelligence afterwards. Six year old children were tested as to their normal intelligence by being asked to perform three simple acts in succession, such as "Put your hat on a chair, go to the door and open it, then come back and pick up your hat." In applying this test properly a considerable amount of intelligence is required on the part of the inspector, because it is in reality much more a test of mental training than of normal intelligence. We do not feel at all surprised that all of them failed to carry out more than two of the orders. It is not a fair test. At seven years of age the tests recommended are counting up to ten on the fingers, naming four common coins and copying three short written words. The test for the average eight year old child was to read a short passage and remember two facts in it, and to write three or four short words from dictation. We are told that they nearly all failed at this test like the others to which allusion has been made. This argues a considerable amount of confusion in the intelligence of those who devised it. It is not a test of capability, but of education; and it seems to us that what the medical man has to deal with is not the training of the child, but the natural gifts it possesses. These are very simple matters; but it requires a very clever and strong intellect to do a simple thing simply.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.S.H. the Princess Henry of Pless, with her two sons, Prince Hans Henry XVII. and Alexander Frederick William. Princess Henry of Pless is a daughter of Colonel W. Cornwallis West of Ruthin Castle; her marriage took place in 1891.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



LIKE many of his subjects, King George, with his Consort and his family, has gone to Scotland for a rest amid the wild scenery that surrounds Balmoral. That house illustrates the manner in which associations grow round a family. It was one of the favourite summer residences of his grandmother and grandfather, and his father, too, liked its wild freedom and the sport afforded by the hills. King George has had a very harassing time since the death of King Edward. Those who regard a Court ceremonial only from the outside are apt to underestimate the strain it puts on the nerves. An English King, in point of fact, has extremely little leisure. He is occupied with the affairs of State for a certain number of hours every day, and what would be leisure to other people is often in his case filled with engagements that are full of importance, and therefore create a strain from which it is absolutely necessary that he should escape for a period of rest. King George is known to be extremely conscientious in the perusal and study of those State papers which he is called upon to sign, and, as may be seen from scanning the daily prints, he has scarcely had an idle moment since he came to the Throne. He well deserves his holiday in Scotland.

Our issue of this week is dated August 13th, so that while it is in our readers' hands sportsmen will have an opportunity of putting to the test the forecasts about the grouse. Probably this year shooting on the moor will be better than it is on the manor. A wet season is undoubtedly bad for partridges and pheasants in a wild condition. The young birds running in the long grass entangle themselves and are practically drowned. Of course, the reports vary a great deal. Some are very cheerful indeed. Sir Richard Cooper, for instance, informs us that there is no hint of disease on his ground. Mr. George Grey of Milfield, in Northumberland, writes to the same effect. In these cases, and in others where no disease has made itself apparent, it is worth noticing that in rearing pheasants the ground is very frequently changed. Mr. Grey says that during the last ten years his birds have never been twice on the same ground. We cannot wonder that in some of the crowded pheasantries of Buckinghamshire disease should break out.

On the other hand, we are afraid that the indications point to the prevalence in a considerable degree of coccidiosis, which was carefully described by Mr. Shipley in last week's number. The most pessimistic account to hand is that from Lord Walsingham's head-keeper, who says that a great many young pheasants have died of white diarrhoea. Some of the coops were lost altogether, and in others five or six succumbed out of seventeen birds. Mr. Stringer makes the remarkable statement that although he has been rearing pheasants for thirty-five years, he has never seen anything like it before. His account of the partridges is equally doleful, and we are afraid it is hopeless to expect a good shooting year on the manor.

An adequate trial is at last to be given to the manufacture of beet in England. The experiment is to take place in Essex, and under the care of two men of that county than whom it would be impossible to find any more capable. One is the Hon. E. G. Strutt, brother of Lord Rayleigh, who is very well known as one of the most capable managers in the country. The other is Mr. William Hasler of Dunmow, who is the chairman of the very successful bacon factory that has been established there. These are two able and experienced men, who may be trusted to carry out efficiently anything that they set their hand to. A very good situation has been chosen for the beet factory at Maldon, with a frontage on the Blackwater River, which is navigable up to this point. It will be served by the Great Eastern Railway, which has always pursued a liberal and sound policy in regard to developing

the agricultural resources of East Anglia. The factory, therefore, starts under the best auspices, and if the making of sugar out of beet can be done profitably in this country, we may be sure that these men will carry their scheme to a successful issue.

We would like to ask if the crop estimates forwarded to us by the Board of Agriculture do not err on the side of being over-sanguine? Summarised, they are to the effect that on August 1st wheat, barley, beans, potatoes, mangels, hay and hops were all above the average; peas exactly an average crop; oats one below average. But we have seldom heard more dismal accounts of the crops of the year than are given by the farmers just now. The official report says that hay is generally abundant, and seeds hay appears to have been secured in better order than meadow hay; but our correspondence columns show that it is too early yet to say that either kind of hay has been secured. No doubt the crop was abundant, but a great deal is rotted on the ground and entirely useless, while the entire yield has been much depreciated in value by the severe rains. The appearance of the cornfields is deceptive to any but a good observer. Those who have examined them closely are of the opinion that the ears are excessively light and that the returns will not be anything like an average.

A reasonable objection to the establishment of Land Banks by the Government has been taken. It comes from the Joint Stock Banks, whose country branches have hitherto been the chief lenders to small farmers and peasant proprietors. Their representatives say, with a good deal of truth, that their managers have to earn dividends, whereas the Government would be content to come out without loss; or, indeed, if it made a loss, there are many who would say this was justified on account of the good done to small holders. When the banks lend money they must do so not only at a remunerative rate of interest, but also with due reference to the fluctuations of the money market. The Government could lend money at a small rate of interest, and could afford to ignore the changes in the bank rate. All this seems to be unfair to the Joint Stock Banks, who, on the whole, have proved themselves to be indulgent and good friends to the farmer. They have been in the habit of making advances when these were distinctly necessary, and were covered in many cases by a security that was more or less in the air, such as harvest or potato money, for example.

PAX DOMINI.

The little boats lie idle in the bay,
Their white wings drooping in the windless air;
The drowsy waves are weary of their play,
The earth's asleep, asleep the smiling sky;
Silence and sunlit dreams are everywhere,
And Time forgets to bid the hours go by.

ANGELA GORDON.

A good suggestion has been made that the Royal Commission on Mines should devote some attention to the condition of the pit pony. It is quite true that there is a tendency to exaggerate the hardships of this creature, and that in point of fact it adapts itself in a wonderful manner to the underground condition in which its work is done. Many of these ponies attain to an exceptionally old age. We have shown from time to time photographs of pit ponies that have been at work for thirty years or more; but, on the other hand, there is a possibility of abuse, and, no doubt, although certain ponies may live and thrive underground, there are others whose constitution does not adapt itself so readily to these abnormal surroundings. It would not have been practicable to get a Commission appointed solely for the purpose of enquiring into the life and work of the pit ponies; but since a Royal Commission is now sitting on Mines, this might easily come in as a matter connected with the general subject.

Obviously the boom in trade is still continuing. In the newly-issued Trade Returns for July the most conspicuous feature is the increase in the exports, which amounted to close on three millions, or over eight per cent., while on re-exports the increase was eleven per cent. On the other hand, there was a slight falling off in the imports. This was not due to a shrinkage in the quantity of raw material imported, but mainly to the fact that wheat declined in quantity about 125,600cwt., and in value about £890,392. This shrinkage was due to India. Russia and Australia sent increased quantities. The total decline in the imports of grain and flour was £2,028,942. Fewer cattle were imported, so that altogether the character of the Trade Returns helps to account for that increase in the cost of provisions which has been going on for some time. In our exports manufactured iron and steel have advanced, so have other metal manufactures and machinery

There was a decline in electric goods and apparatus, in cotton goods, and in one or two other items. But still the Return points to a continuation of the wave of prosperity which began early in the year. It is to be hoped that its progress will not be checked by the poor harvest prospects.

Miss Hilda Webb, honorary secretary of the Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary Committee, gives a very pleasing account of the nesting season which has just come to a close. It has been better than any of its predecessors. Among the birds attracted to the Sanctuary were seven or eight pairs of nightingales, of which the nests of four were discovered, while there is every reason to think that the others hatched off satisfactorily. There is an increase in the nests of nearly all the common birds. While a year ago there were only four or five chaffinches, this year there have been from thirty to forty. The boxes for the tree-sparrows have found twelve times as many tenants as the previous year. The nuthatches have reared eight young birds. The wryneck and the redpoll have made their appearance in the Sanctuary. Miss Webb says that these results are very greatly due to the care and vigilance of Mr. Harry Quarterman, the keeper; but, of course, the success of the scheme depends ultimately on the contributions of those who are interested in providing a secure home for wild birds.

In connection with the International Shooting and Field Sports Exhibition (which we described in a special supplement on July 30th) an International Congress "of the chase" is to be held at Vienna from September 4th to the 7th. The work of the Congress will fall into three sections. The first deals with the economic importance, statistics and bibliography of sport; the second with the theory and practice of "the chase," and of arms, ammunition and shooting. Papers will be read upon the International *culte* with a view to the unification of the bores of sporting guns and upon the diseases of game and the means to restrain them.

The Congress will also discuss the question of the introduction of wild sheep into Europe and in the third section, devoted to legislation and sport, the subject of the International protection of migratory birds will be considered, with special reference to quail, woodcock, duck and wild goose. The British Commissioner for the Congress will supply papers giving information to any British sportsmen who apply to the Natural History Museum. The Congress should afford an opportunity for the leading British big-game-hunters to join in discussions in which their great experience entitles them to take part.

Pride in handwriting is having a great fall just now. Sir Edward Carson commented in his most caustic manner a few days ago on the valuelessness of expert evidence in regard to handwriting; and now comes Dr. Kerr, Medical Officer of Health to the London County Council, with the proposal that it should be abolished altogether. He thinks the "cursive hand" to be a clumsy and antiquated method of exchanging ideas and recommends that it should be superseded by the general adoption of "some of the more elegant forms of shorthand now in use. With many people the typewriter has already to a great extent superseded "the grey goose quill," or its equivalent in steel or gold, and certainly typescript is less of a tax on the eyes than is the crabbed handwriting into which nearly all busy men fall. There is much to be said in favour of Dr. Kerr's recommendation of shorthand; but would it not lead to inexactitude? Ideally speaking, of course everyone's shorthand should be legible to everybody else; but in practice it is not so, and we do not know that there has yet been devised a system of shorthand which would appeal equally to all.

The season which is just closing has been a memorable one in the history of art sales. At Christie's the previous record was one million pounds in a year, but this year art properties have been dispersed by auction to the value of one million three hundred thousand pounds. The Young and Schröder sales accounted to a great extent for this; but the demand for works of art, especially those that are old, or that have received the hall-mark of public approval, has been enormous. It shows, among other things, that there are a greater number of the population able to afford these luxuries. It also shows that the collectors in many cases follow blindly the leadership of a few connoisseurs. Very few of them seem able to trust their own judgment so far as to give a high price for contemporary art. In other words, they cannot judge a picture on its intrinsic merits, and go mostly by its reputation.

The inclusion of architecture in the new Copyright Bill is being subjected to criticism. The chief objection lies in the difficulty of enforcing copyright in the case of architectural works, and this seems a real objection. On general principles an architect is as much entitled as any other creator of beautiful things to be protected against piracy. It is not, moreover, in the best interests of the art of architecture that second-rate men should steal, and spoil in stealing, the artistic inventions of their contemporaries. The Bill provides that the copyright shall be vested in the author of the design to which a building is erected, but the building owner would have the power to prevent the architect repeating the design without his express permission. In cases of infringement, if the architect should prefer not to proceed against an alleged infringer, it seems that the right of action is to be preserved to the building owner. The provisions are novel in this country, but are said to work satisfactorily abroad. As, however, the subject bristles with difficulties, the architectural portion of the Bill at least is likely to excite widespread discussion and no little opposition.

The Bill contemplates protection only for the artistic character or design of a building, and not for its method of construction. As all judges are not necessarily gifted with æsthetic perceptions, the initial question as to whether an offending building can be held to have artistic character is likely to produce some queer judgments. Would an infringer go free by disclaiming for his work all artistic merit? The owner of a copyright in a building would not be able by injunction or other legal process to hinder the erection of a building of which the design was alleged to infringe his copyright—a very necessary provision. The best feature of the proposals is that they do honour to the status of architecture as an art, and it is to be hoped that the interests of architect and client will be harmonised. This is essential if architectural copyright is to become a practical idea.

THE SHADOW DANCERS.

When the swallow's dipping low and the cloud's above the wheat
You can see the Shadow Dancers as they pass on flying feet;
The swallow is no mate for them so swift their sandals glance,
The South Wind and the West Wind are their partners in the dance.
They tread the fields as silently as bats on dewy wings,
They clash no merry cymbals and they clink no ankle-rings;
The wild rose sees the coming of the twilight that they cast
And lifts her blushing face to them—and Lo! the dance is past!
Not a watcher in the barley, not a listener in the wheat,
Sees a shape or hears a whisper of those twinkling shadow feet;
If they left a fairy message would the corn remember it,
Or the poppies, or the charlock, when the evening stars were lit?
WILL H. OGILVIE.

Mr. Allen Burgoyne in an interesting letter to *The Times* confirms the account we gave some time ago of the discovery of a race of dwarfs in the interior of New Guinea. He tells that while cruising in New Guinea waters in 1902 he put into Deslacs, the largest island of the French group. On landing, he and his companions were met by natives who seem to have been almost as repellent as those encountered by the expedition of the Ornithologists' Union. He describes them, in the first place, as being "cursed with an abnormal squint, and, secondly, even the tallest of them did not reach to my shoulder. We calculated that their average stature was about 4ft. 6in. to 4ft. 8in." They were unclothed, and carried only a sling bound tightly round the forehead. With this weapon, however, they showed very great skill. Traders in the neighbourhood say that they are derived from an inland New Guinea tribe. Mr. Burgoyne's statement supports the hope that still greater wonders remain to be discovered by the expedition. As he points out, New Guinea covers an area of nearly three hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, or over two and a-half times that of the United Kingdom. It will not be wonderful, therefore, if it turns out that all the races of men, as well as the quadrupeds and birds, have not yet been seen and described.

In West Sussex the medical inspection of schools has been carried out with a great deal of spirit, and the first annual report is full of significant facts. The very good plan has been adopted of forming a Children's Care Association to complete the work of the medical officer. It is obvious that when he points out a disease there should be some provision made for its treatment, and this is what the association undertakes to provide. The mouth is one of the weakest parts of the elementary school child in West Sussex. Among boys of five years fifty-four per cent. were found to have carious teeth, at six years sixty per cent., at twelve years fifty-five per cent., and at thirteen years sixty-three per cent. It is very difficult to force parents to attend to a task of this kind, and the association will endeavour to get

funds to assist in payment of fees to private medical men when children are treated at home. It is curious to notice that the medical officer writes much more favourably than would have been expected of the children of van-dwellers, who have been driven to school by the Children Act. He says they are not appreciated by the teachers owing to their deficient moral training, but their physical condition is generally very good, and many of them are faultlessly clean on the day of examination. The simple life as lived by the van-dweller would not, therefore, appear to be altogether prejudicial to the welfare of children. We wonder how they will get on when forced to remain within four walls and breathe the too-frequently polluted atmosphere of a schoolroom.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Buchanan, M.D., of the Indian Medical Service has taken occasion in the present issue of the *British Medical Journal* to extol the value of the cat in India. The point is that the rat is the chief agent in disseminating plague. This is now generally admitted; and the agency by which it is accomplished is a particular species of flea which lives on the rat, and when driven from its natural host is apt to transfer its attentions to mankind. Now the Indian rat is not the fierce animal which we know in this country, but a black rat which the cat could dispose of very easily. Colonel Buchanan has made himself sure by experiments that the cat is the most deadly foe of the

rat, and recommends that cats should be kept in Indian houses and particularly in the quarters of the servants. The difficulty in India is that some of the religions forbid those who adhere to them to take life; but it seems that though they would not kill a rat themselves, they have no conscientious objection to a cat doing so.

As was expected, the winner of the chess tournament at Hamburg is Schlechter, who, however, ended only half a point in front of the young and brilliant Duras. Schlechter's history as a player is interesting. He began by being so very cautious, sound and careful that he was nicknamed the "drawing master"; and there was one great tournament that he went through without losing a game and without winning one. He produced only a series of draws. But those who imagined that there was nothing in him but safety have been very much surprised at his recent development. He is now when occasion serves one of the most aggressive, daring and original of players. His victory at Hamburg shows that the drawn match he played with the present holder of the championship, Dr. Lasker, was no fluke, but a true exposition of his power. Probably if he tried again he would secure the coveted honour. Duras, who was second to him, is an exponent of the new school; he combines brilliancy with sound tactics. No doubt he has a great future in front of him. It would certainly be interesting to get him and Rubinstein and Capablanca to play a little tournament on their own account.

THE CHILDREN'S MONTH.

TO find out how August came to be pre-eminently the children's month it would be necessary to go back to an older and homelier England. The accession of wealth during the last three-quarters of a century has obscured the primitive instincts which appeared more openly in our ancestors. Until the nineteenth century was far advanced England was still an agricultural country, and

when harvest came practically everybody took part in it. In the villages the shoemaker laid aside his last, the joiner closed his shop, the tailor forsook his goose, and the blacksmith went on half-time, in order that they might take a turn at harvesting. There are many people still alive who can remember this state of things, and no doubt those who followed sedentary occupations found the benefit long afterwards of the month spent in the open air.



A HAZY MORNING.

There was a holiday atmosphere even round the labours of the harvest. The ingathering was always a joyful process, and the bands of workers assembled for it were animated by a gay and a joyful spirit. The children at such times used to be left very much to themselves, as every adult member of the rural population, from the squire downwards, was engaged either in working himself or directing others. Probably this was one of the reasons why August should be the month for school holidays. As a month for pleasure it holds its own

against rivals that seem to outdo it in many respects. June and July are prettier. August has nothing that will compare with the exquisite beauty of the country when the wild roses are at their best; and earlier in the year the hues are more varied, vivid and delicate. Again, the nights are shorter, and the long days afford more scope for enjoyment. Yet there is something in the August air which belongs to no other month. In a good year it still retains the character of summer, but with a foretaste of autumn in the air, which is frequently chilly in the early mornings. Usually, too, the weather becomes settled and finer than in July, which ever has had an evil reputation for thunderstorms. It is thus the most appropriate, and, probably, on the whole, the pleasantest month for holidays, especially



ASHORE.

holidays spent where children like to spend them, at the seaside. One would think that the practice of doing so was going out of fashion, because such a vast throng of pleasure-seekers are found in other directions. The number of people, for instance, who go abroad every year is vastly greater than it was even ten or fifteen years ago, to say nothing of fifty and a hundred. As an illustration of this tendency, it may be mentioned that last year there were over fifteen thousand British visitors to Algeria, a place that used to be

considered very remote indeed. Anyone who made a short ride in the desert thought the fact remarkable enough to be put into a book. To-day it is a matter of everyday occurrence. We cite the fact as illustrative of the greater holiday-making of to-day; but, of course, no one would make such a trip in August. The Algerian season begins in November. Still, there are many hundreds of places on the Continent where English people are at this moment spending their holidays, and it is remarkable that at the same time the inland resorts in this country are full to overflowing. Nevertheless, the sea appeals to as many people as ever it did; and speaking from a fairly wide knowledge of the coast, it is safe to assert that there are very few places indeed where the fishing and other seaside communities may be



"DOWN ALONG."

seen in what we may term their natural surroundings. Everywhere, except it may be in Hull and one or two other places where trawling has become a great industry, seaside villas have been erected for letting, golf courses laid out, and, generally speaking, the entertainment of visitors has become the main occupation of the inhabitants. We may not altogether like to see this transformation.

The old-fashioned fishing village has now become very difficult to find, with its tiny cottages huddled together close to the water's edge, where the women went out to gather bait and the boys played among the nets and other implements of their fathers' craft, where even the sea gulls were tame and came to the very cottage doors to perform their useful and wholesome scavenging. All the more refreshing is it when we do come across such a survival of the past. The water seems fresher and purer, the wind blows over it more keenly, and the very sound of the waves lapping on the shingle or beating on the rocks appears to carry with it more of the real feeling of the sea. Unhappily, the line fisherman belongs to a dwindling

burden to young shoulders. In the schools of to-day nearly all the pastimes are organised, and the most careful note is taken of the performances of each individual, so that the maintenance of an average or the ambition to cut a record makes little old men of the scholars. Half the zest with which a holiday at the seaside is enjoyed comes from the temporary removal of these anxieties. There is a delightful novelty in waking with the knowledge that the usual task-master will demand nothing of that day, that the hours, be they sunny or not, will trip past and contain nothing but what tends to make life more enjoyable.

That in itself would be a good reason for giving children a loose rein during this month. There is a knowledge not found in books to be learned from the mere wandering by the shore of the sea, picking up shells and seaweed, not in the spirit of the systematic collector, but only as an amusement of which no account will be taken on the morrow. It is good for them to saunter by the side of those primitive people who draw their livelihood from the sea and come from a stock which knew



A SNUG COVE.

tribe, and his place has been taken by the trawler, which may be a most effective means of catching fish, but lacks all the picturesqueness of the old methods. While the sailing-boat with its nets and lines carries with it associations connected with the pursuit of a calling in practical solitude under a blue sky which is reflected in the waves, the great trawler with its engines and machinery is too much like a floating factory to inspire any feeling of romance. But probably children, who, fortunately for themselves, take things as they are without much thought and with no regret for what has passed away, still find abundance of amusement at the seaside. And no doubt the pleasure is enhanced by the removal of worries that in an unimaginative mood we may think small, but which are great enough to them.

Modern education, with its eye ever fixed upon tests and examinations, might have been designed for the special purpose of generating early cares. If a boy is clever and industrious the greater is his ambition, and so his cleverness does not at all remove the burden of anxiety from his mind. If he is neither clever nor attentive, then he feels lessons and all that they mean to be the greater bore. It is not only so in regard to education, but the tendency of modern games is to make them a care and a

nothing else, and who, therefore, have a franker and simpler nature than the more sophisticated town-dwellers.

A wet August such as we are having this year is a great disappointment to the little folk who go to the seaside. The rain puts a definite end to their amusements, since it debars them from all the pleasures of the shore and sea. Unfortunately, too, the accommodation within doors is seldom as complete as that to which they have been accustomed. It is a counsel of perfection that they may find occupation in reading and kindred pursuits; but a vast number of them take no particular pleasure in these, and the majority of them have been only too glad to escape from the tyranny of ink and paper. The only consolation is that English weather is never systematic even in badness. The rain does not pour down without stopping for several days at a time, and indeed seldom continues during the whole day. There are intervals of sunshine, and the best way is for them to make the most they can of their opportunities. Luckily, young spirits are not easily damped, and despite the thunder-storms and broken weather which August has brought with it, it will also, we feel certain, yield very nearly its usual amount of pleasure to the young holiday-makers.



ON THE BROADS.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT.

BY
ADAM LORIMER.



THE cow had wandered out of view over the hilly links, being doubtless hidden in some hollow among the rich September clover. In the westering sun Jean Angus stood on the brink of the brae before the house summoning her home with a long, melodious call that floated far and wide in the quiet air. George Buik, as he passed from the house, Bible in hand, bound for the weekly prayer meeting of the Wilsonians, lingered unnoticed to look at the comely girl with the fair hair and full form, round whom the sun cast a halo of golden light. As her bosom swelled again to the echoing call, "Ha-la-a-la," he gazed like one charmed, and his dark, strong face softened. Slowly over a distant knoll appeared the sleek form of Crummie, and Jean, with a "Come hame, you gipsy," relaxed her attention. Something like a pang passed over the face of George Buik as he clasped his Bible tightly and passed away in the other direction.

Gathered in the little stone outhouse that served them for a chapel, the Wilsonians all told numbered but fourteen souls. Their special creed had been established in years past by a certain holy man of that country-side named Wilson. As they were all well in years, the recent accession of one so young as George Buik had lit a hope in their hearts that after all their beliefs might not die with them. He was a youth of great eloquence and force, and at the end of his short discourse this evening on the old theme of salvation and damnation, he was led by the fervour of his imagination to picture the abode of the lost. "Conceive, my friends, of this outer darkness. It is a region of damp and malignant mists, unvisited by sight or sound, where there is no comfort or companionship, but silent misery and loneliness for ever, and the eternal despair of a guilty soul. Avoid it!"

Outside in the gathering dusk each member of the little flock shook hands with the speaker, thanking him for his edifying words and bidding him good-night. Left alone, Buik watched them disappear in the gloom, some along the road, some by the woodside and others over the brae, but all in neighbourly groups conversing as they went. As he took his way westward a feeling of utter loneliness began to oppress him. His road led across a stretch of bare moorland and thence past his own quarry, for he was a stone contractor. As he began to descend the rocky path the last streak of the sun died over the sea, and in the darkness his depression increased. It grasped him physically, while in his mind his own imaginings of the abode of the lost began to ferment, so that, though every step of the way was familiar, he at last appeared to be walking in the awful region he had pictured. The sigh of the wind came upon him like the breath of some fell power seeking to benumb him, and at last the fear of it so wrought upon him that he almost ran down the rudely cut steps that led to the quarry, for round the corner at the bottom he knew he would come in sight of the comfortable candle-light in the end window of his house. Suddenly, in his wild haste, he slipped and fell heavily on the rocky floor some feet below. There he lay stunned, and when at last a vague consciousness came to him in the cold dark he found himself unable to move. A maddening sense of fear possessed him entirely. He knew it to be no dream, for it endured too long; yet he felt dead in all but the consciousness that he lay incapable in profound and chilling blackness, laden with terror and despair.

Buik lived in the eastmost part of a long-fronted, low house, the rest of which was inhabited by Mrs. Angus and her daughter Jean, who together looked after his wants. Mrs. Angus was the widow of the former owner of the quarry, whose rights Buik had purchased. Some little portion of the money was still due

to be paid at the ensuing Martinmas term, after which she purposed removing to a distant part of the country. There were no neighbours but the quarrymen and their families.

Farmers were distant and far apart, and she had to think of her daughter's future, particularly as her own health was but frail. The only part Jean took in the house was done while Buik was absent. She knew him merely as a silent and serious young man absorbed apparently in labour and religion; yet at times when he chanced to say more than "Good-day" there were expressions about his mouth and eyes that stirred the woman in her vaguely. Her mother had said more than once, "It's a pity he's so solemn, for he is a well-fared man when he smiles." To Buik himself the ardency of nature, of which he was conscious, seemed to belong of right to religion; yet Jean's comely face, shaded by the fair hair, and gentle movements, observed in quiet moments, had peopled for him many a half-sleepless night with the thoughts and longings of youth, which he strove to repress as lawless and unrighteous.

As the night wore on without Buik returning, Mrs. Angus and Jean concluded that he had been invited home by some of the Wilsonians, and they went to bed. But somehow Jean could not sleep. There seemed to her a strange quiet and loneliness about the house. And it was her ear which detected at some uncertain hour of the dark his stumbling footsteps in the road and at the door. Was he in drink? Her mother slept on undisturbed, and Jean, resolving not to wake her, put on some clothing and, softly opening her door, listened. She heard him stagger into his room and throw himself into a chair with moans and exclamations, which gradually she was able to distinguish as wild prayers.

"Oh, God! oh, God! send light; send Thy blessed light. Remove this curse of darkness from me. Bring me death so that I may pass into light. Bring the day, the sun, before I perish in this awful dark."

Even in her astonishment Jean was struck by the thought that the prayers were not for spiritual enlightenment, but agonising cries for the daylight. All at once she heard him rise and pace the room, saying, frenziedly: "Oh, Lord, bring the light of day before I go mad and take my life." Gathering her courage, Jean made a noise on the stairs and entered his room. With womanly practicalness she at once lit a candle.

"What has come over you, Mr. Buik?"

He was ghastly pale. The hair over his forehead was matted with blood, which had also dried in streaks upon his face; but suddenly his eyes shone like those of a man who has but newly been saved from deathly calamity.

"Jean!" he exclaimed, "you are like God's messenger. Light another candle."

"But what has happened to you, Mr. Buik?"

"Coming from the meeting where I had been speaking, as it seemed, with a voice not my own, about the outer darkness, I fell into the quarry, and I've been there, Jean, there—in the awful realm of the lost."

"Tuts," answered Jean; "you are dazed. Let me wash your head."

The cold water seemed to revive and steady him; but his eyes, as he watched Jean remove the basin and cloths when she had finished her ministrations, still had the light of a new ecstasy.

"Now," she said, "you'll go to bed and rest. I am feared my mother wakens, and it would not do her any good."

"Jean, you're an angel of light."

"You'll be better in the morning," she answered.

"But, Jean," he said, rising unsteadily, for all his earnestness, "let this be between us two only."

"Better still," she answered, "let us forget all about it. Go to rest now." She heard him sit down heavily in the chair with a great sigh.

Although Jean's faithful observance of the compact prevented any knowledge of the occurrence getting abroad, the great change which came over Buik was visible to everybody. On various pretexts he withdrew himself entirely from the Wilsonians. This alone caused general surprise, the more so as he showed no intention of attaching himself to any other congregation. But what most excited remark was his pronounced aversion to be out of doors after dark. Ordinarily the last to leave the quarry, he now betook himself home with the first signs of departing day. Thereafter no hint or invitation could tempt him out of the house. He remained shut up in his room with a bright light burning steadily by him. The modest candle which used to serve him had been replaced by a brilliant oil-lamp, and the windows fitted with thick blinds and shutters. But these could not conceal from outside eyes the fact that the light was never quenched while darkness lasted or till the dawn came. Naturally the imaginations of the whole country-side were stirred, and many a mysterious reason was invented to account for so pronounced a change in the decorous habits of George Buik.

So things ran on till the Martinmas term was near, when Mrs. Angus and her daughter were making obvious preparations for their departure. The gossips of the place had been baulked in all attempts to get any explanation from them. Indeed, their first knowledge of the all-night light had come from the outside. Mrs. Angus was able truthfully to answer that Buik had taken to studying many books on geology—about stones, as she said, and "he was entitled to burn his own oil as long as he pleased." All the same, she had taken counsel in the matter with her daughter. Jean allayed her mother's curiosity by declaring her own disbelief in the tales; but in her own mind she found warrant for them. She felt glad she was soon to leave the place, yet she seemed drawn to the mystery as if she had a part in it. Whereas before she had paid little heed to Buik's comings and goings, she now studiously kept out of his way. On the few occasions when chance brought them face to face she could perceive in his eyes the same gleam that had shone in them on the night she lit the candle and gazed on his blood-streaked face. He would hesitate, seem as if about to speak, then, finally, unresolved, pass on with the old "Good-day."

But one afternoon, Martinmas then being but three days off, and her mother absent on a farewell visit to one of the farmers, George Buik met Jean at the door. He had come home earlier than usual, and learning that her mother had not returned, said, with sudden earnestness, "Jean, I wish to tell you; I am cursed. I think I am damned. God has laid His hand on me. He has made the dark His minister, and damned me before I am dead."

"I'm astonished, Mr. Buik, to hear a man like you speak that way. You are still feeling the effects of that fall."

"No, Jean. The doctor declares my head sound inside and out. Forbye, the curse was on me before I fell. It was fleeing from it that caused me to stumble. Pity me, Jean!"

"Pity you, Mr. Buik? I wish it were in my power to—"

"Jean," he exclaimed, suddenly, in low earnestness, "how is it that at this moment, although the day is done and the dark has come with my damnation on its wings, when I must keep my lamp burning all night or do something desperate—how is it, Jean, that you being here I am not afraid? Can you explain that?"

The sound of the farmer's gig bringing Mrs. Angus from her visit reached their ears. In the dark passage the silence seemed to Jean to be echoing with his question, and the only answer was the long sigh with which Buik passed into his solitary room.

Though only some ten miles distant, the village to which Jean and her mother removed had but little intercourse with the place they had left, and news rarely came to them. As often happens with the old, the change in surroundings marked the beginning of a rapid decline in Mrs. Angus's health. Yet, in spite of her anxieties on that score, Jean found herself as the weeks went by more and more possessed by thoughts of George Buik and his state. What was at first mere pity and curiosity quickened shortly into a personal interest. She began to feel that she herself was part of the mystery. His image was rarely absent from her mind, and it was not the image of a man to be feared or avoided, but of one to whom she was so far linked by a common promise and in whose fate she was bound to participate. Out of this grew naturally a conviction that she was no less present to him than he to her. So when in February her mother passed away, and she had no prospect but to remove among friends in a distant part of

Scotland, the future dismayed her, and she passed her time in devising schemes to see George Buik once again so as to confirm or dispel these convictions.

One day the course of fortune brought over Dr. Brodie in his gig to hold a consultation with the local doctor, and before returning in the afternoon he called on Jean. Withholding her eagerness, Jean in the natural course of conversation enquired about Buik. "Just as he was," answered Dr. Brodie. "Demented? Oh, no. He is as wise as you or I. Indeed, I know him to be a man of fine spirit, but labouring, as I think, in some cloud of religion for want of another way to vent himself. Saving your presence, Jean, the ordinary way for a young man is to take up with a lass. It's Nature's plan. We'd a' be daft otherwise."

The sage old doctor laughed at his wisdom and passed on to other things. Before leaving he suggested that Jean must come over for a day to bid them all good-bye. He would send the gig for her, and give her lodging while she stayed. All unaware how his free offer was in reality Jean's subtle suggestion, he went away with her promise.

About a week later the gig came in answer to Jean's letter. She finished her round of visits, and in the afternoon of her last day declared her intention of going down to see George Buik after nightfall. The doctor was rather doubtful; but Jean's reminder that she had lived a long time next to Buik and knew his present housekeeper seemed reasonable enough, so he laughingly wished she might cure him. It was a night of clear stars but no moon when Jean knocked at the door. Certainly the housekeeper was a little surprised; she would tell Mr. Buik.

Alone at the door, Jean felt her heart throb loudly in her ears. But there was delay in the answer; she was to go in. Once more she stood in the long, dark passage with the great light at the end. This time the light was half obscured by an expectant figure. The ten paces seemed to Jean the pathway into a strange land; but when the door closed behind her, and she heard the word "Jean!" and took in all the meanings of its tone, doubt forsook her. With perfect control she took the seat into which George Buik in his eagerness seemed ready to lift her, and said, "I could not leave without coming to ask for you, Mr. Buik."

"I thought you might come, but could not. I never thought you would not."

Some other things they said, but in her head Jean's plan was as clear and infallible as the sun.

"But come now, Mr. Buik, tell me true, are you still damned?"

Now Jean had a beautiful voice, and she almost sang the question into his consciousness. He did not wince or hesitate.

"I have other visions, Jean." Holding fast by her project, she did not ask what these were; so he added, "I hear a voice at nights over the links calling as you used to call Crummie home."

At this she rose. "Come now and convoy me back through the dark to Dr. Brodie's." In the Scots tongue "convoy" in this sense has a specially sweet signification, and it lost nothing on Jean's lips. She opened the door and he followed. "Turn out the light," she said, and he obeyed. At the door he told the astonished woman that he was going to see Miss Angus home. Jean led him over the links, and on the little headland that overlooked the quarry she stopped and said, "Look at the stars and the night. It's at night that all the good comes to us. We just forget in the day."

Jean knew when she had sung enough, and hurried forward. Under the ash tree by Dr. Brodie's garden wall there was an eager pleading—Jean at arm's length with her hand in his for good-bye. "No," she was saying; and "I'm not sure yet. . . . Yes, I've called you Geordie—that's twice. . . . I must go indoors—it's late; but listen, if this day week you will start when the day falls—are you hearing? Very well—and walk to the big oak tree at the woodside where I live—it's ten miles there and ten back—no, it's not a hundred; it's just ten—if you'll do that I'll be there at nine o'clock, wet or fair, and—I'll see."

George Buik took his way round by the moor and the quarry, treading the ground with great, firm steps. At the door of his home he turned like a conqueror and gazed long and triumphantly at sea and sky.

The night of the tryst was sour with coming rain as, well before his time, he climbed the silent road to the big oak tree, crunching the rough path with powerful steps. Suddenly he heard a low, modulated call which at first he took for the cry of a belated tinker seeking his people. When again it reached him he knew it for something far different; unmistakably it was "Geordie." With a great shout he rushed forward, and in the double darkness of the oak tree found Jean.

THE WATER-RAIL.

ONE day in May of 1902 I was watching the snipe on Burwell Fen, when I was startled by a bird-note, commencing with a guttural growl and swelling into a shrill squeal, in a reed-bed quite close to where I was standing. The next instant I caught

a momentary glimpse of a graceful olive bird gliding through the reeds, and I knew that at last I had heard the "sharming" of the water-rail. The snipe were forgotten, and heedless of the water I plunged into the reeds in search of the rail's nest. I felt sure it was quite close, for the charming continued, varied with guttural grunts, and presently both birds broke cover and ran away through short grass by the side of some bushes, giving me a splendid view before they disappeared. My first impulse was to follow in the direction they had gone; but experience prompted a more thorough search, which was rewarded by the discovery not of the nest, but of two downy chicks skulking on the wet ground. I picked them up, sweet little fellows, as graceful as, but quite different from, their parents. They were covered with black, silky down, with a scarcely perceptible tinge of green; their legs were long and slender, with none of the ungainliness that characterises many young birds. They struggled and kicked, and now that my quest was ended, not wishing further to distress them or their parents, I replaced them on the ground and walked away. I have since looked in vain for any indication of the water-rail nesting in the Cambridgeshire fens. I have proved that it does nest occasionally, possibly a few pairs regularly do so, but so few as to minimise the chances of finding a nest.

In the Norfolk Broads they are sufficiently numerous to make the finding of a nest comparatively easy to one acquainted with their habits. I had an opportunity last June of a brief visit to Hickling Broad, and although it was late in the season, the water-rail was one of the birds I was promised a chance of photographing, as a nest had been found by a sedge-cutter a few days before. The sedge had been cut to within a foot or so of the nest, which was in a mixture of rough sedge and tall rushes, where there was too much water for further cutting. Owing to a misunderstanding the keeper had made no preparation

for photographing the bird, such as the erection of a shelter of sedge and a slight clearance of one side of the nest. Without such previous preparation to accustom her gradually to the altered environment of her home, an attempt to photograph so shy a bird as the water-rail would be well-nigh hopeless



ON HER WAY TO THE NEST.

But on the principle of nothing venture, nothing gain, I put up my tent and covered it with sedge, hoping that the rail might give me the chance of a picture by coming to the nest before noticing the obstacle. A forlorn hope, perhaps; but bird photography is full of surprises, and I have reaped success on more than one occasion when similarly placed with other species. I was not to do so with the rail; she gave hardly an indication that she was in the neighbourhood, charming and grunting occasionally, but at some distance from the nest. So at the end of an hour, which I felt was long enough to give the enterprise a fair trial, and fearing to cause her to desert by keeping her away any longer, I abandoned the attempt, readjusting the surroundings of the nest, and turned my attention to a pair of grasshopper-warblers, who were busy feeding their brood in a nest a short distance away. With them I had a very lively afternoon, but of that more perhaps some other time.

Two days after came a letter from my host asking me to accompany him on another visit to the Broad. I did not need the inducement of the news that a good, substantial shelter of sedge and branches had been erected near the rail's nest, and that she had become quite resigned to her altered environment, and was sitting close.

Early in the morning of June 20th Vincent, the keeper, "quanted" me across the Broad. (For the enlightenment of the uninitiated, to "quant" is Norfolk for to punt.) The Broad seemed very shallow for so large a sheet of water, not more than three feet or four feet, at any rate in the line we took. The north-west wind was raising quite respectable waves and much white foam, which drifted curiously in long parallel lines and accumulated among the rushes on the edge of the Broad, whence it was caught by the wind and blown hither and thither like sea foam.

In skilful hands quanting appears to be one of the easiest of accomplishments—nothing so humiliating as a first trial: I have tried it more than once—and by the way the boat, heedless of wind and waves, nosed its way easily and swiftly across the open water, wormed along under the lea of sheltering reed-beds,



ABOUT TO LEAVE.



ASSISTING AT HIS WIFE'S TOILET.

and through narrow channels among the "gladdens," I recognised that here was no ordinary quanting, but that I was in the hands of a master. Arrived at our destination, the bow of the boat was driven up on to the soft mud on the edge of a channel which intersected the marshes. "Don't stand still," cautioned Vincent, as laden with camera and tent I was sinking boot-top deep in the ooze which bordered the channel for two or three yards. Quick to obey, I scrambled on to the more solid earth beyond. I had decided to give all day to the rail if necessary, and in order that I might not be disturbed by the keeper coming for me at an appointed time, we had towed in our wake a small gunning boat, which was to be left behind to enable me to cross the channel to another marsh, from which I could gain the "wall" (as the flood banks are called), and so walk back. The water-rail did not leave her nest until we were quite close, and while we were erecting the tent we could tell by the sharming that both birds were in the rushes near by. At first Vincent did not approve of my tent, fearing that it would keep the rail away; but when I had embellished the front of it with willow branches and sedge, and neatly surrounded the lens with fine grass, his objections vanished, and as he tucked me in the tent and piled a heap of sedge against the back he waxed

quite eloquent on the favourable impression I should make on our friend the rail.

Sitting in the tent, the noises outside were strangely exaggerated. I could hear distinctly the keeper walking to his boat, the rattling as he pushed off and the plaintive whistling of a pair of redshanks as they followed him through the marshes, and then all was still, save the discordant sharming and groaning of the water-rails. I trust I do not convey the impression that I am fastidious in bird-notes, and admire only that which is melodious; to all who spend much time in the field every sound produced by living creatures has its own peculiar fascination. When Gilbert White wrote of the peacock's cry as "disgustful," I do not think he really intended it quite in the sense of a modern interpretation. But in describing the various

rail sounds as they assailed my ears but a few feet away, saving an occasional gentle crooning, no other term can be used than such as convey the idea of an unmusical quality. A period of absolute silence would be broken by a sudden sharming, unnerving and almost awesome in its intensity, and then would follow other sounds, suggesting Toddy's emulation of the throwing up of Jonah by the whale, and then—a pleasant simile is impossible—a perfect imitation of a contented baby—a giant's baby—blowing bubbles through its lips.



REPAIRS FOR THE NEST.

All the time I was watching the rush stems standing in an inch or so of water near the nest. The first indication of the coming of the rail was a slight paddling in the water, then a long, red bill and slender head and neck appeared for an instant and vanished. Again it came, and now the whole bird emerged into view, and I was lost in admiration of her delicate colour, her graceful form and carriage. The olive brown back, with darker longitudinal blotching, blends with the grey of throat and under side. There is no sombreness in this olive and grey; if there were, it would be relieved by the red of the bill, the narrow white vertical lines on the black flanks and the flashing white under tail-feathers, which are almost continually displayed. For as she picks her way daintily, as though the water is strange to her feet, she carries her tail vertically above her back, flicking it moorhen fashion in time with every movement. There is a dainty grace in every line and action, in contemplation of which it is hard to believe that her mate's voice, which sounds "disgustfully" from the rushes beyond, can proceed from a similar bird. I was nervously on the alert to take advantage of the first opportunity to make an exposure, my fingers were braced round the ball of the shutter release as the rail walked in business-like manner to the nest, and then, as if alarmed by some movement of which I was not sensible, she vanished suddenly, and did not return for five or ten minutes, and yet I knew that I had made no sound. I have known other birds as shy and wary, and whose natural suspicion necessitated as much care in concealing the tent, but none so nervously alert, so ready to disappear on the instant. And never have I been so toyed with—I can think of no other way of expressing it—as I was by this water-rail. No doubt it was nervous anxiety with her; it looked like coquetry. She appeared to dangle success before my eyes for the coquettish enjoyment of disappointing me. Sometimes she climbed on to the nest from behind, her dainty head moving continually and forbidding an exposure, and then just as there appeared a prospect of her settling down on the eggs and remaining still for the quarter of a second necessary for my purpose, she would glide down and out of sight. Sometimes she walked deliberately on to the nest and off the other side without hesitating, all of which was most entrancing to watch, but not conducive to photography. I hazarded my first exposure at a quarter to twelve, when for the first time, after an hour's trifling, she gave serious attention to the brooding of her eggs. She slipped from the nest while I was changing plates, and the old business of coquetry continued. Once or twice she walked into the open space in front of the nest, but too near to the camera to be included in the focussed area; and as there seemed a chance of getting her in such a position where the light would allow of a comparatively short exposure, I put on the focal-plane shutter and set it at one twenty-fifth of a second. The chance came at twenty-five minutes after twelve; she was standing in the water near enough to the nest to be just included on the plate. Although the noise of the falling shutter caused her to jump so suddenly as to make a splash in the water, I was surprised to find on developing the plate that the exposure was completed before the movement took place. As a rule, if a bird is so nervous as to be frightened away by the noise of a focal-plane shutter, it is necessary to expose as quickly as one sixtieth or one hundredth of a second in order to avoid movement. Fearing to repeat the experiment of the noisy shutter with so nervous a bird, I changed again to the silent shutter and more prolonged exposure. At one o'clock the sun broke through and shone brilliantly for an hour, during which time I photographed the rail on her nest three times. Among these were two of the best photographs secured; both show the rail turning as she stands over the eggs, with thin shadows of the reeds on her back. The third was spoilt by movement. I had but one short view of the male, and it provided the prettiest incident of the day. The female had stepped through the rushes, and was standing in the water preening her feathers when her mate appeared; he talked to his wife in low crooning tones, and then stretching out his head, assisted in her toilet by nibbling at the feathers of her neck. Here was a chance of a pretty picture, and without waiting to consider whether

they were forward enough to appear on the plate, or whether they were moving or still, I made my exposure, giving approximately one sixth of a second. Development of the plate revealed the two birds just included in the corner and without movement. At twenty minutes to three the female climbed on to the nest, and remained on the eggs for ten minutes, the longest period during my stay of five hours. I took four photographs before she left, one of which depicts her with her head hanging down reaching for some rushes to cover the bare front of the nest. At a quarter-past three she again climbed on to the nest from the far side; here she hesitated for an instant, and I secured a photograph of her in a characteristic attitude, with one foot advanced, which shows well the long, wide-spread toes. My last exposure was made at half-past three, soon after which I was glad to creep out of the tent and pack up. Before leaving I well covered the front of the nest with rushes and secured them with some sticks. The shaming of the rails continued as I made my way to the little boat with which I was to cross the channel in the marsh; but either the sound is not far-carrying or they quieted down in my absence, for I heard them no more after I had crossed and was on my way to the "wall."

WILLIAM FARREN.

CIDER TASTING.

A PART from the dwellers in the cider counties, there are few people who know anything about the National Fruit and Cider Institute situated at Long Ashton, near Bristol. It was founded by grants from the Board of Agriculture, the County Councils of Devonshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Somersetshire, Worcestershire and the Bath and West Society. This institute, which was primarily established for purposes of research, was started about seven years ago, and met with a great deal of hostile criticism at the outset. Mainly because there was no highway pointing the way the investigations should take, Mr. B. T. P. Barker, the resident director, soon found out that many precon-



THROUGH THE RUSHES.

ceived ideas as to the cause, alike of good and bad cider, were perfectly erroneous; there was not even a margin of reasonableness. The idea was that a complete analysis of the apple would at once indicate the resulting cider. But it did not. The analysis of the apple showed that the ever-varying quantities of sugar could be much more readily estimated by testing the specific gravity of the juice with a hydrometer. Soon it was found that these should be strictly scientific instruments were very inexact, and they had to be standardised. It was soon apparent that something must be done to teach farmers the good and bad varieties of vintage fruit in their orchards. Of course, each farmer had his pet variety, one the Court de Wick, another Kingston Black. The Devonshire men asserted there was nothing like Woodbine, while Herefordshire roundly asserted that the Foxwhelp was beyond comparison. Now the worst of it was that these best apples were localised, and there were some eight hundred other varieties, some known by one name in one orchard, by others in an orchard less than a mile away, the greater portion remaining unnamed. Here was the difficulty—first, to get some of the varieties named so that they should become generally recognisable. The Brewers' Exhibition in London and the Gloucester Root, Fruit and Grain Society, together with the Mid-Somerset Agricultural Society, did much to further this by offering prizes for cider apples correctly named. The institute followed this up, but it was at once met by a serious difficulty, that of obtaining correctly-coloured models unless at prohibitive cost. So even now much has to be accomplished by memory, and as some trees are shy bearers, this is a matter of difficulty. Happily, the small band of cider apple experts are gradually increasing, and the expert's knowledge is also increasing and becoming more and more confirmatory. At the institute it was seen that a more exact knowledge of the fruit juice and subsequent

treatment was the first thing to be desired in the laboratory, while efforts must also be made to propagate the best varieties as fast as they were tested, and also to have trees and grafts available for distribution. This portion of the work was put under the superintendence of the Somersetshire County Council's horticultural expert, Mr. John Ettle, F.R.H.S. So many thousands of stocks were planted in the nurseries; but at first there was, of course, little to show and much to learn. Then it was that Mr. Barker made the discovery that preconceived ideas as to the value of apple analysis were wrong, and that the value was in cider direct. So he instituted the method of making single-variety ciders. He found that comparatively small quantities of apples could be made into cider possessing all the qualities and characteristics of those made from and into a larger bulk. The old plan, of course, was to mix all the apples from an orchard and grind them together, making a general blend. It should be known that there are three characteristics of cider fruits—sharps, sweets and bitter sweets, the latter containing far and away the most tannin. The ciders so made from a single variety of fruit only were in due time filtered, then bottled and later submitted to a body of experts, the same, as far as possible, year after year. This was a revelation,

and has pronounced the death-knell of many one-time popular varieties and enhanced the reputation of others, and at the same time some very important discoveries have been made. There are some apples that produce uniformly good cider as singles. There are others of poor value as singles, but which give splendid results in suitable blends, while others are bad; others, again, that vary so much that only a long series of years can reveal what they really are. At one time it was considered that yeasts played a very conspicuous part in determining the quality and flavour of cider. Mr. Barker has made a fine selection of these, consisting of several hundreds, but careful experiment has not given the results expected. When they have been introduced into sterilised apple juice, some result, particularly with a champagne yeast, was shown—but when they went into untreated juice the effect was scarcely noticeable. Of course, much depends on the vigorous character of the yeast. It is now evident that the West of England cider-growing farmer can produce a very fine beverage which cannot fail to find a market, even if the brewers do not increase the price of beer. The cider and perry of to-day are vastly different from the throat-rasping liquids of only a couple of decades ago.

E. W.

THE MÆDIÆVAL SERVANT.

IN a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE (April 9th) I gave extracts from thirteenth century books on household management to illustrate poultry-farming in the Middle Ages. The same books supply abundant evidence concerning a subject of even acuter modern interest—the

indoor and outdoor servant. What-ever might have been the practice of the Middle Ages, their theory was always high, as we may gather at the very outset from one writer's advice as to the seneschal or steward. "Let the lord get himself a circumspect and faithful seneschal, a man of prudence, discretion, and grace, humble and chaste, peaceful and modest, well skilled in the laws and in the customs of his province and in the duties of a seneschal, and anxious to defend his lord's rights in all things." With a man of this kind (the author assures us) we shall make an excellent start. The reader may well grant this, and yet feel tempted to exclaim with a French lady under similar circumstances, "If I knew of a *chef* with all those virtues I would marry him myself!"

The steward's duties are as numerous and varied as his virtues. He must preside in the manor court with the harmlessness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent. He must survey his lord's estates, familiarise himself with agriculture in theory and practice, and act as a skilled accountant. Every evening he must balance the day's accounts and check tallies with the purveyor, marshal, cook, dispenser, larderer and other officials. He counts the loaves, measures the malt and stands by to direct the division of messes for dinner and supper. Above all, he makes sure "that there are secure locks to all the offices; for, as the English proverb hath it, 'Oft trusty locks make true servants.'"

The bailiff, though admirable in his own way, need not be quite such a Crichton as the seneschal. "Let him beware of blame for sloth; therefore let him arise betimes in the morning, lest he seem but luke-warm and remiss, and first see to the plough-yoking; then let him go round and survey the fields,

woods, meadows and pastures, lest damage be done there at dawn." He must watch the labourers at their work throughout the day, and see that no beast be over-driven. He must arrange the details of ploughing and sowing, and have an eye even to the bees. "Let nothing seem too small to him, if only it

redound to his master's profit." He must shut all the yard gates but one, that there be no sneaking in or out. If anything is found wrong in his accounts "let him lie in the dungeon without bail, until the lord receive full satisfaction for his arrears."

The reeve we love already for Chaucer's sake. He is a tenant, generally a serf, "a chattel of his lord's," chosen by his fellow-tenants to act in conjunction with the bailiff.

"Let him be elected by the township as the best in husbandry and

labour on the estate, and let him be publicly presented for this office to

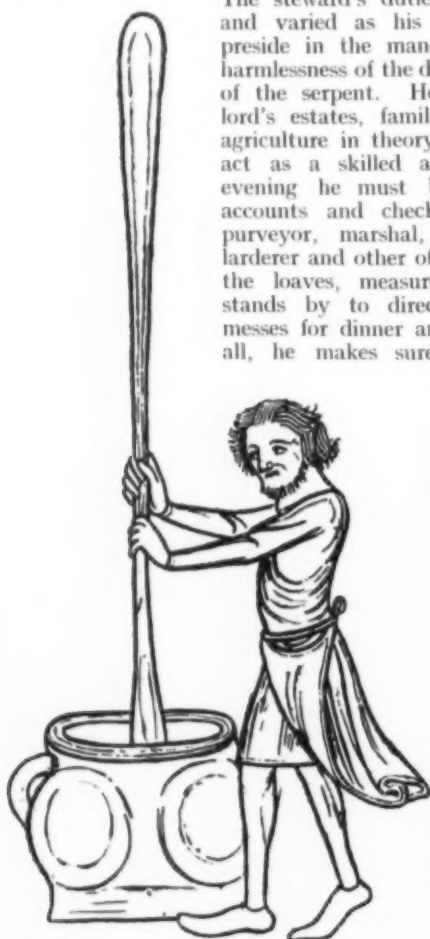
the lord or his seneschal. Let him not therefore be slothful or sleepy, but let him . . ." and here again follows a list of duties which might go far to explain the poor reeve's leanness on that Canterbury pilgrimage. It is not surprising that this office was sometimes avoided as an ungrateful burden.

As for the shepherd, "Look that he be not irous [wrathful] with your sheep, for it is an evil vice; and ye shall prove it thus, whenas the sheep are pasturing and your shepherd goeth among them; for, if the sheep flee from him, it is a sign that he is not peaceable with them." As the whole township answers for the reeve, so the shepherd must find individual pledges to answer for his good and faithful service. He and his dog must sleep in the fold, as the ox-herd sleeps with the cattle and the waggoner with the horses; yet no light must ever be allowed in byre or stable, "unless it be in a lantern, and for great need or peril . . ." and then it must be watched by another than himself. "No shepherd must depart from his sheep to visit fairs or markets or wrestlings or wakes, or go to the tavern without leave, or without setting a good guardian in his place." These, indeed, are temptations which beset not only the shepherd, but all the farm servants; it is the reeve's duty to see closely



SERF BREAKING THE CLODS.

(From the Loutrell Psalter.)



BRAYED IN THE MORTAR.



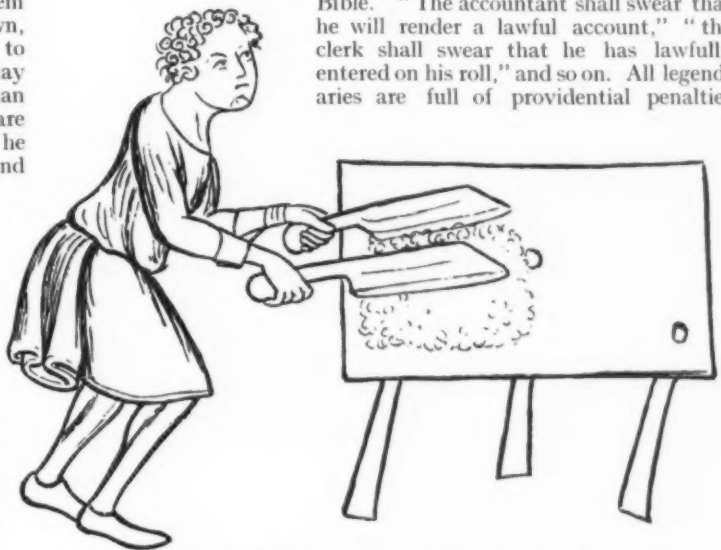
THRESHERS AT WORK.

(From the Loutrell Psalter.)

to this. Here, again, is the ploughman. "Let your ploughman be no melancholy or wrathful man, but merry, joyful, given to song, that the oxen may take their delight in his chants and melodies. . . . Let him love them, and sleep with them at night; let him tickle them, curry them, rub them down, and keep them well at all points. . . . It is well also to rub the oxen twice daily with a wisp of straw, that they may lick themselves with more affection." Moreover, the ploughman must be the "handy man" of the manor. Besides the care of his beasts and the mending of broken ploughs or harrows, he should be an expert sower, hedger and ditcher, thresher and drainer. The many other trades to which he turns for his own profit in leisure hours are enumerated in "Piers Plowman."

Apart from bailiff and reeve, the manor had its third foreman in the person of the hayward, a sort of *garde-champêtre*. "He should be a vigorous and austere man; early and late must he scour and spy out and watch his lord's woods and cornfields and pastures . . . and in haytime he must see to the mowers." Indeed, the ideal of lower servants in these books of husbandry is almost as high as the ideal of a seneschal. They ought, we are told, "to love their lord, to respect him, to make profit for him as though the business were their own, and in spending to bethink them that this is another's money; but there are few servants" (adds the writer, sadly) "who keep these four things together." Nay, many of them suffer from vices which each generation in turn

which shall serve you to your will and pleasing." Another remedy against defects of service was the characteristic mediaeval precaution of hard swearing on the Holy Bible. "The accountant shall swear that he will render a lawful account," "the clerk shall swear that he has lawfully entered on his roll," and so on. All legends are full of providential penalties



"THE MEAT IS A-SHREDDING."

inflicted on false swearers; yet these present authors advise the lord, while trusting God, to keep his powder dry, and take material precautions also. "Let your threshers be sworn to thresh it clean; nevertheless take heed to them that they have no pocket . . . also that your winnowsters have no pockets hidden under their skirts."

These little economies lead us far away from the careless nobleman of our so-called historical novels, who is constantly tossing to his inferiors a handful of silver or a couple of links twisted from his gold chain. More startling still is the authors' advice to their lords in the matter of servants' food. "Some careful shepherds, when sheep die of murrain, steep the flesh in water for a space as it were betwixt noon and vespers, and then hang it up until all the water have run off; after which it is salted and dried, valued, and expended on labourers and servants. . . ." "But I do not wish you to do this," adds one of the writers, with a natural twinge of conscience. Tusser, in 1550, gave advice

still more suggestive of recent election cries; he advised the export of unsound flesh for foreign consumption:

Thy measeled bacon—
hog, sow, or thy boar,
Shut up for to heal, for
infecting thy store;
Or kill it for bacon, or
souse it to sell
For Fleming, that loves
it so daintily well.

Indeed, in this, as in other matters, the more closely we look into past ages, the more grateful we feel to our own, with all its obvious drawbacks. Therefore, even when we writhe most helplessly under the tyranny of our own domestics, let us remember that there is such a thing as historical retribution, and that their ancestors may well have laboured for our ancestors upon this diet of measly mutton.

G. G. COULTON.

God spede ye plowmā sende us korene, nolla



THE PLOUGHMAN.

(From a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge)

conceives as peculiarly modern; they "feign, and work not truly," wherefore "it is behoveful that men find a remedy against their servants." Bishop Grosseteste's remedy was very simple, though perhaps less easy to administer in this twentieth than in the thirteenth century. "And when ye give licence to them [to go home], assign ye to them a short day of coming again under pain of losing their service. And if any speak again or be wroth, say to him 'What! will ye be lord? ye will that I serve you after your will!' And they that will not hear that ye say effectually, be they warned, and ye shall provide other servants the

mūgīstis ut tauri. & alibi & tauri cū potētib. Tauri
& mbonā & m aduerfā partē significatiōne trābunt. In to
nam quoq; ut est illud in euāglio. Ecce pādum meū pa
raui. tauri mei & alia occisa sunt & omnia parata. Bos



Pollem grai boem dicunt. Hunc laum trionē uocant
Deo quod trāam tēreat quasi trionē toum in focū gēma
pietā. nā alter alterū inquit cū quo dūcēt collo aratū

OX LICKING HIMSELF.

(From British Museum MS. Harl. 4751. Thirteenth Century.)



THE ancient Wiltshire seat of the Penruddocks impresses one as the home of unbroken prosperity and peace. The secluded and picturesque village street leads to the group of buildings that form the house and its dependencies, with the village church close by in the

garden. We see here many centuries of our architectural history. Where that of the church ends that of the house begins, although its earlier features have been much engulfed by eighteenth century alterations. Within, however, we can, in the finely decorated rooms, in furniture of successive styles, in a long array of family portraits, trace the succession of many generations of a family that has been seated here since the days of Elizabeth. Set in its combe and environed by its park and wooded hills, we imagine that the house and its occupants must ever have been free from the boisterous gales that raged in the outer world. But that is not so, and the Penruddock who is best known to history ventured and lost his life in the cause which he deemed right.

Compton Chamberlayne is a parish lying a little away from the right bank of the Nadder, five miles higher up that river than the point where it joins the Wile at Wilton. It occupies a side valley open and airy, though enclosed on either side by well-timbered heights. The lake that stretches its long length below the house proves the situation to be well watered. Which of the four Wiltshire Comptons mentioned in the Domesday Survey this may be, Sir Richard Hoare, the historian of the county, failed to discover, nor is he able to tell us whose hereditary official—that of King or great Earl—was "Robertus le Chaumberlayne," who held the manor in early Plantagenet times and gave it its distinguishing suffix. It afterwards passed through several hands; but it has no history that need detain us until it was acquired by a member of a North of England family. The Penruddocks sprang from the Cumberland village of that name, and were there located in Edward II.'s time. They were a family that thrived and inter-married with their important neighbours, such as the Lowthers, and eventually obtained the manor of Arkleby in their native county. Of the three sons of Edward Penruddock of Arkleby two came South about the middle of the sixteenth century. Robert went to Hampshire, and we hear no more of him; but George married a Wiltshire heiress, and it may have been his connection with the county, where William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, had acquired the Abbey lands of Wilton, that brought these two together at the battle of St. Quentin in 1557. The Earl commanded the English troops that helped the Spaniards to defeat the French in that engagement, and Sir George Penruddock bore the standard. More than once he represented Wiltshire in Parliament, and was its Sheriff in 1562,



Copyright.

NORTH ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE DOORWAY FROM THE DINING-ROOM TO THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Thirty-six years later his son, Sir Edward, held that office. At first he is styled "of New Sarum," but about the time of his shrievalty he purchased the Compton Chamberlayne estate, and set to to rebuild the house he found there. Of what this was like we know nothing, and of what he replaced it with not much is left that bears clear evidence of his day, although much of the fabric may have survived. There still exists, however, a subsidiary staircase of newel form lit by stone-mullioned windows of Elizabethan character. But the general character of the house, both within and without, is of the period subsequent to the restoration of Charles II., and therefore posterior to the dramatic moment when John Penruddock's head fell on an Exeter scaffold.

The outbreak of the quarrel between Charles I. and his Parliament found the Compton Chamberlayne family warmly on the Royalist side. Sir John Penruddock had succeeded his father, the builder, and Charles appointed him Sheriff of Wilts

when he raised his standard at Nottingham. Their devotion to the Royal cause cost the Penruddocks dear. Two of Sir John's younger sons lost their lives in the King's service, and he himself had to compound in order to regain possession of his sequestered estates. His eldest son, John, had passed from Oxford to Gray's Inn, but when trouble came he doffed the lawyer's gown and buckled on the sword. Anthony Wood tells us of him that "When at school and college he delighted in books, when a man in arms." These arms he used to such effect that he was often called Colonel, and was so obnoxious to Parliament that they retaliated against him when they gained the ascendancy. Thus we find the following statement entered by him in a family account-book:

	£	s.	d.
Paid for my Composition	1300	00	00
My own debts contracted during Six years sequestration	1500	00	00

After that he seemingly settled down under the Commonwealth régime, but was one of the many Royalists who watched keenly for an occasion to overthrow it. In the early days of 1655 Cromwell's elevation to the Protectorate was creating a general restlessness. It was objected to by the Republicans almost as much as it was hated by the Royalists. In January Cromwell angrily dismissed his Parliament, and there was great activity in the Royalist camp, for they thought their time had come, and that a general rising would bring thousands to the Stewart standard. The Wiltshire gentry were to the fore in this rash endeavour, and Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, a somewhat buccaneering Cavalier, was sent to lead them. Compton was one of the meeting-places of the local leaders, fox-hunting being generally the avowed purpose of these secretly treasonable concourses. In March all was ready, Wagstaffe had arrived, and John Penruddock, with his neighbour, Hugh Grove of Zeals, commanded under him. It was a little army of two hundred, composed of gentry and their dependents, that entered Salisbury before dawn on the March morning when the High Sheriff was entertaining the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Baron Nicholas, who were to hold the Assize next day. The insurgents pounced upon them in their beds. Wagstaffe, in his rough-and-ready manner, ordered them to be hanged; but Penruddock would have none of such unconstitutional doings, and obtained the freedom of the judges after their commission had been taken from them. But Mr. Sheriff Dove was in an awkward position. He was a regicide, and therefore personally hateful to the Cavaliers. Only because his life might be valuable for purposes of exchange was it spared, and he was dragged away a captive by the insurgents. Before the day was far advanced they knew that if Cromwell was disliked he was feared still more, and that the good Wiltshire folk preferred their safety to their principles, if, indeed, the principles of many of them were Royalist. After proclaiming Charles II. in Salisbury they rode off to



Copyright

THE DINING-ROOM MANTEL-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Blandford. Even there no threats would induce the crier to proclaim the King, and the people were sullen and unsympathetic. There was nothing for it but a rapid ride westwards. Perhaps Devon had risen. Perhaps Cornwall would defend them. At least there was hope there of escape overseas. But as they lay in heavy sleep and utter exhaustion at South Molton a detachment of Commonwealth troops from Exeter attacked them. Wagstaffe was an old hand at this sort of thing, and found a back door for his unobserved exit. But Penruddock and the other gentlemen would not desert their followers and were made prisoners. They believed that terms had been granted them and their lives assured by the Cromwellian captain; but the Cromwellian Government would have none of this, and ordered them to be proceeded against for treason. Penruddock's gallant and devoted wife left no stone unturned to save him, applying everywhere where she had the least influence or friendship in the Government camp. It was all of no avail, and the last letter written by Mrs. Penruddock to her husband the night before his execution, together with his reply, are with the family manuscripts. They have been often published, notably in "The Lover," by Steele and Addison, where they are reproduced as examples of some of the finest and most elegant language of this class extant. He is ready to die, and will certainly meet his executioner boldly on the morrow, but in the privacy of his cell he may open his heart to his life-long companion and the mother of his children. "Fondness," writes he, "breaks in upon me, and as I would not have any tears flow tomorrow, when your husband and the father of our dear babes is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me that I give way to grief now in private when I see my sand run so fast, and within few hours am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent, that have wrongfully put me to a shameful death, and will object that shame to my children."

The fine decorative work of the school of Wren and Grinling Gibbons which we find at Compton shows us that this tragedy did not bring ruin in its train upon the descendants of the victim of the rising of 1655. Colonel John Penruddock's son, Thomas, appears to have been about thirty years of age when Charles II. came to his own in 1660. We find him sitting in Parliament as member for Wilton as late as 1688; but the family pedigree, although it informs us he died at Compton, does not give us the date of that event, and his name, strangely enough, is omitted from the marble tablet in the church which records the successive deaths of many owners of Compton and of their wives and children. But it is probable that this Thomas, and not his son of the same name, who lived on till 1741, is he who refitted much of the house.

In the library we find a plaster ceiling and a wooden mantelpiece and wainscoting of reserved ornamentation but of



Copyright.

THE HALL CHIMNEY.

(With Portrait of Colonel John Penruddock.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."

excellent design, belonging to the period of William III. Of the same period, but much more elaborate, is the great dining-room. The carvings are very likely not the handiwork of Gibbons or even a product of his workshops, but they certainly belong to his time and to his school, and are fine examples of their kind. The whole decorative scheme, indeed, reminds us, in a quiet country way, of the sumptuous rooms that Wren and Gibbons produced for William III. at Hampton Court or that are to be found at Petworth and at Belton, at Cassiobury and at Chatsworth. The fact that the carvings at the last-named house are not to be attributed to Gibbons but to Watson, a local man, shows what a universal hold this form of decoration had at the close of the seventeenth century and what a numerous school of carvers of excellent technique England then possessed. The Compton dining-room is wainscoted in oak from floor to ceiling. The panels are of the immense size that the joiners at the time knew how to construct out of native oak. The panels that,

with the fireplace, occupy the long west side of the room are each four feet three inches wide, and are composed of six boards, of which even now the joints are in many cases difficult to discern. Flanking the great doorways at each end of the room are even wider panels, for they are five feet six inches across. The doorways are the very centres of the decorative scheme. The pilasters that separate them from the side panels are enriched with long, narrow carvings then known as "drops." In this

beneath the coating of stain and varnish with which this fine work is most unfortunately bedaubed. Such carvings were often sculptured in London and brought down ready to set in the place prepared for them by the joiners, who erected the whole of the oakwork. The Compton dining-room is very untouched, the marble opening in the fireplace, with its great roll moulding, being much the same as we find at Hampton Court and other houses of the William III. period. Yet the

scrolled frieze above it, with a mask in the centre, shows, together with the plaster-work in the ceiling, some tendency towards the rococo style which came from France in Queen Anne's reign. The heraldry over the two doorways explains this leaning towards a rather later style of certain portions of the decorations. The shields show the arms of Penruddock impaling in the one case Freke and in the other case Hanham. Now, it was the elder Thomas Penruddock who married a Freke, and he it will be who is principally responsible for fitting this room. But his son, the younger Thomas, whose wife was a sister of Sir W. Hanham, probably completed the work and set up the second shield. The panels of the wainscoting afford a good background for family portraits. Sir George and Sir Edward occupy one end and the lady in the ruffe, dressed in red and black with a book depending from her girdle chain, may represent the Wiltshire heiress who became Sir George's wife. The finest portrait in the room is the Prince Rupert, by Van Dyck, that hangs on one of the doors. In front of it is a delightful piece of furniture—a bow-legged settee of Queen Anne date in walnut, lightly inlaid. It is covered with extremely fine tapestry, probably from the Mortlake factory. Figures of Faith, Charity, Hope, Justice and Temperance standing amid landscapes are enclosed in arcades, while the border above represents a hunting scene. The rest of the furniture of the room is of late Chippendale type, and may have been brought by the Charles Penruddock who appears in the panel over the fireplace with his pet hound by his side. He was fourth in descent from Colonel John Penruddock, of whom there is likewise a portrait in the dining-room. But the best presentment of him is in the hall. He is represented in armour, and arms of the period are collected round the frame, which occupies the central position in the overmantel. The whole of this chimney-piece is an aggregate of interesting woodwork, but not an original composition. As Charles Penruddock lived till 1789, the decoration of the drawing-room, which occupies on the right of the entrance hall the same position as the dining-room on the left, was probably carried out in his time. The very fine coved ceiling, of which an illustration is given, is in the style of which Robert Adam was the chief exponent. But it is not quite like his handling any more than is the mantelpiece, which is a little more fanciful in its forms than that very

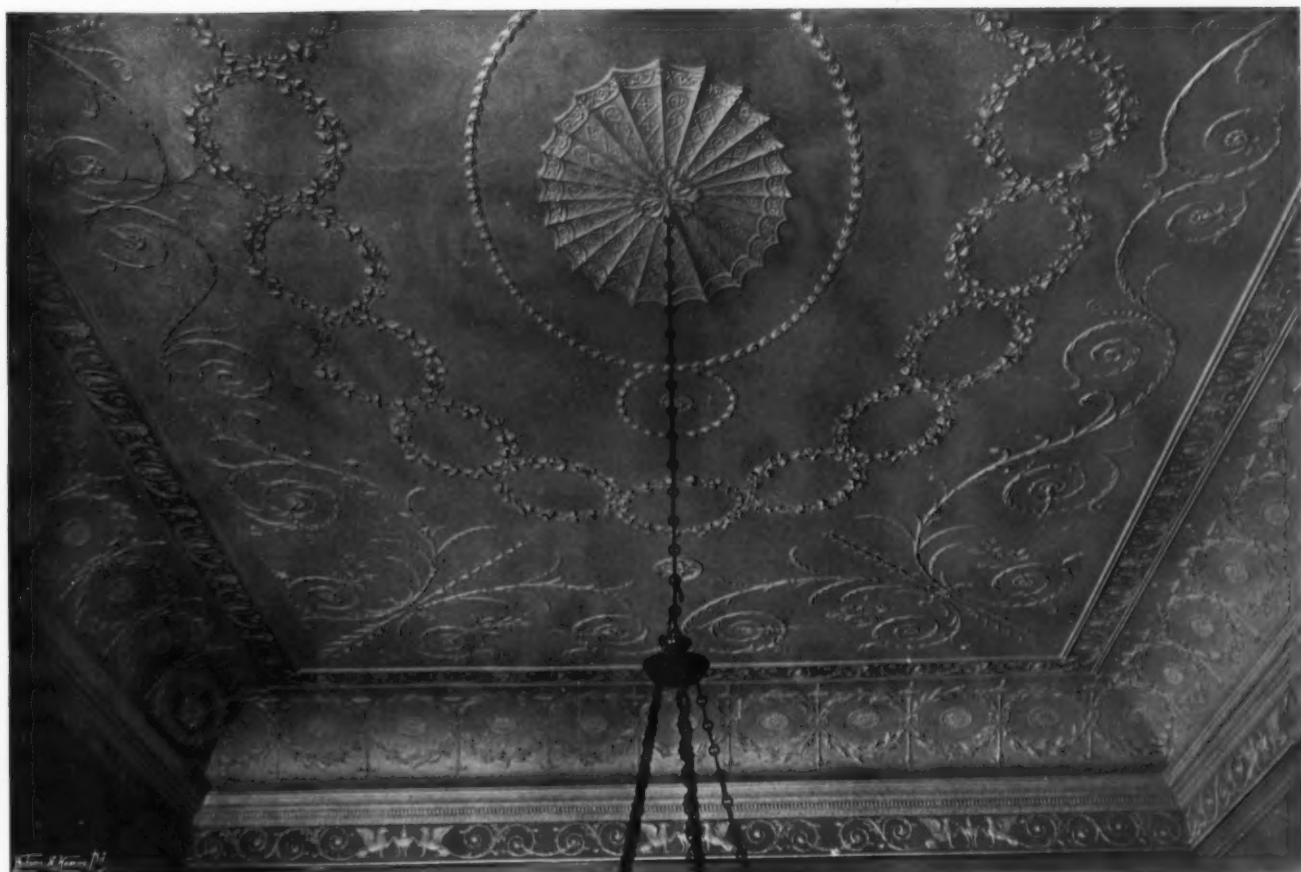


Copyright.

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE RUPERT IN THE DINING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."

home of Royalists we might have expected to find the much-used oak leaf as a leading motif in the foliage. It is, however, entirely absent, and the bay leaf is used intermingled with fruits, such as grapes and pomegranates, flowers, such as tulips and lilies and farm produce, such as hops and wheat. These "drops," which occur also on each side of the overmantel, and the great cartouches framing shields that rise above the doorway pediments, are made of a soft wood—pine so far as one may judge

composition. As Charles Penruddock lived till 1789, the decoration of the drawing-room, which occupies on the right of the entrance hall the same position as the dining-room on the left, was probably carried out in his time. The very fine coved ceiling, of which an illustration is given, is in the style of which Robert Adam was the chief exponent. But it is not quite like his handling any more than is the mantelpiece, which is a little more fanciful in its forms than that very



Copyright.

THE CEILING OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

severe designer liked, although it is a beautiful piece of delicate work. The central medallion represents some Greek philosopher receiving a book. The two figures are in relief, but the background is painted *en grisaille*, and shows a landscape with a church, the Penruddock arms appearing at the left corner. In this room is a very fine set of two sofas and twelve chairs.

the frames carved and gilt, and having cabriole legs with the scale pattern which William Kent affected. The general style, however, is not his, but rather earlier. They will have been obtained by the second Thomas Penruddock. The legs of the elaborate carved stand (once gilt and now painted brown) that carries the lacquer cabinet in the same room are not unlike those



Copyright

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the chairs but the deep stretcher with winged boys is of the type that obtained towards the end of the seventeenth century, and we may therefore set down this piece of furniture as an acquisition of the elder Thomas Penruddock. At the south end of the drawing-room stand large glass cabinets, in which are arranged portions of many Oriental dinner sets that betoken liberal acquisition and frequent use of this ware by the eighteenth century Penruddocks.



Copyright.

A LACQUER CABINET.

Taken altogether Compton is a house of much interest and much amenity. The outside, indeed, with the uncompromising eighteenth century plainness of its walls and window apertures, is rather dull; but it is built of magnificent blocks of local stone that have gone a grey-green, relieved with touches of yellow lichen. It is a more open-grained and picturesque stone than the choice products of the neighbouring Chilmark Quarries, whence the material of Salisbury Cathedral is said to have come. South of the house lies a large, flat garden of simple but

dignified geometric design. On its west side rises a steep grass bank, sustaining the plateau on which the church stands. South-west, paths wind amid the well-timbered pleasure grounds, while the lake lies in the long, low hollow to the east. Of this thoroughly English domain a Penruddock, descended in direct male line from the standard-bearer of St. Quentin, is still the lord. And as he has sons to succeed him, we may well hope for a long continuity of the old connection between the Penruddocks and Compton Chamberlayne. T.

LITTLE FOXES.

SOME time ago, in a country station, I saw a sack containing fox cubs which had been dug out of an earth in a wood near and were being sent to the estate of the M.F.H. One could not help feeling sorry for the little creatures, their fate was so easy to predict. Strangers in a strange land, they will never dare to venture far afield, but will remain in or near the covert where they are turned down, and, should they survive the cubbing season, which is doubtful, after a short, ringing hunt they will fall an easy victim to the hounds.

This summer I have been studying the life and education of four cubs in a wood some miles away. When the woodman first told me of the earth, he said: "You'll have to be oop early i' t' mornin' to see t' cubs. They'll not be oot much after four o'clock." There is no more charming sight in the country than that of the cubs at play in the woods; but I learnt by experience that to get near them when they grow older and more wary, besides being an early riser one must have the caution of a deer-stalker, the step of an Indian trapper and a rudimentary knowledge of the language of birds. On my first expedition I did not reach the wood until four o'clock, when the sun was well above the horizon, and I found all the cubs had gone back to bed except one, a beautiful little creature with a white tag to his brush, who, as I afterwards learned, was the largest and boldest of the family. He was hard at work unearthing the remains of a hen from the bank beside his home. When he saw me he stopped and sat beside his work, as if wondering what kind of an animal this might be and whether it was a friend or an enemy. Still uncertain, he walked, with an air of great dignity, back to the entrance to the earth, where again he sat, with his brush curled round his feet, and contemplated the situation. I tried to get nearer, but a twig snapped under my foot, and at the same instant he was gone. The next time I determined to be up earlier; accordingly the first fine night I rose at 2 a.m. In the dusk, the nightingale was singing in the garden. He is a *rara avis* here in the North, and if his whereabouts were generally known we should have a large crowd from the mining villages round invading our domain to hear him sing.

Before setting out I invaded the larder, but found it nearly as bare as that of Old Mother Hubbard, nearly, but not quite, for bread and butter and salad and milk make a *déjeuner* not to be despised in the small hours of a warm summer night. Taking my bicycle, I set out on my five-mile ride. In the north-east a primrose glow heralded the coming day. The bird concert commenced with the first grey light of dawn. The wood-pigeons, thrushes and blackbirds are the earliest risers; then come the smaller birds, the sparrows, yellow-hammers and larks. Exactly three-quarters of an hour after the thrushes commence to sing the rooks send out their

"COUNTRY LIFE."

vanguards. The corncrakes sing all night, and the cuckoo is the laziest of all the birds, for she is the last to wake. All along the road not a soul was to be seen except the policeman, who looked at me with evident suspicion. Having arrived at the wood, the bicycle was first hidden in a wheat-field on the roadside; then I climbed the park wall and dropped into a heap of dead leaves six feet below. A winding path leads to the hollow wherein is the fox's earth; but before I was halfway there I could hear the birds calling to one another, "Fox! fox!" Just then a cub slipped across the path, dived into the nettles and commenced to dig. It was my big cub with the white tag again; that he was so far from home showed that he was growing independent. I stood on the bank above and watched him at work, now digging and now walking backwards to draw away the heap of earth which he had cleared out. I then moved on, and was startled by a fierce snarl, which came from the undergrowth beyond. Next minute I was confronted by the vixen, snarling, growling and ready to fly at any intruder. For some moments she glared at me, and then, with a "wah!" of mingled fear and rage, sprang into the undergrowth, not towards her earth, but in the opposite direction. At that signal back came the cub who was digging in the bank, and three others joined him at the entrance to the earth. "Wah! wah! wah!" shouted the vixen from the wood, and with prompt obedience all the cubs dived into the ground, and though I waited for an hour, they appeared no more that morning. I was interested, however, in watching the rabbits, who, as soon as the cubs were safely below ground, came forth from their burrows and crept cautiously past the very mouth of the earth, stretching their necks and snuffing the air before each step.

On another occasion the cubs were fighting over a freshly-killed fowl. The larder of the foxes was interesting in itself. Skeletons of rabbits lay everywhere, also wings and feathers from the poultry-yard. The woodman had told me that one morning he found there the remains of a sucking-pig, which probably had been thrown out on the farm rubbish-heap. I noticed that the remains of the rabbits more recently killed lay scattered the furthest afield; the vixen was teaching her family to search for their food at some distance from home. That morning the woods echoed with the noise of the quarrels of these amusing little creatures. First one would seize the unfortunate rooster and drive the rest away with shrill barks and snarls; then two would combine to drive away the victor, chasing him round the



Copyright

COMPTON: NORTH-EAST ASPECT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

COMPTON CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE CHURCH, THE HALL AND THE YEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tree trunks like so many kittens. I watched them for a long time. Sometimes they would creep quite near and gaze inquisitively at me with heads stretched out and one pad uplifted; then, laying back their ears, they would trot back again in quest of the remains of the old white fowl. The sun was rising like a great red fire behind the trees, when at last, tired of their play, they returned to their bed. I waited until the last one had disappeared before I set off for home.

A week or more of rainy mornings elapsed before I again set forth to find my cubs; but this time, to my disappointment, the place was deserted, not a cub was to be seen. Fearing that the vixen had removed her family, I made yet one more journey to the woods and again found the playground deserted, though the fresh padmarks round the earth showed that the cubs had been in and out during the night. I was on the point of returning, when the angry call of some jackdaws in the distance attracted my attention. Making my way through the wood, I reached a grass-field, and there, to my delight, was one of the cubs. He was crouching in the grass watching two jackdaws, which were feeding near. As I watched the cub sprang, but at the same instant the jackdaws wheeled into the air and repeated

the abuse which had first attracted my notice. The birds then settled further away, and the cub, after a quick run, again crouched in the grass, and this time nearly succeeded in catching its prey. This happened several times, until at last the birds flew right away, upon which the cub commenced a series of antics most amusing to watch. It skipped into the air, whirled after its own brush, jumped along sideways like a kitten with its brush held stiffly erect, and then came bounding straight for the spot where I was standing among the trees. I had recognised him at once, although he was now twice the size that he was when first I saw him. Perhaps he also recognised me, for he stopped and stared for a moment, then, with infinite caution, crept softly past and with a whisk of his brush trotted up the field and disappeared into a barley-field beyond. In a few more weeks cubbing will again begin; but by that time my friend the cub will have learnt to travel far afield and will be familiar with all the country round; and, with luck and a sporting chance, I shall not be surprised to hear next winter that a big fox with a white tag to his brush has given the Hunt the run of the season.

NUMBER TWO.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE CHOICE AND PLANTING OF TULIPS FOR EFFECT.

THE avalanche of bulb catalogues is upon us. The number that now come from English growers, rather than English factors, shows the advance made in this class of cultivation in the parts of East Anglia that have the same soil characteristics as Holland. Bulb-growing is rapidly becoming a national industry, and the Dutchman's monopoly is seriously threatened. There is nothing more delightful in the spring garden than the glorious mass of colour which the tulip gives us. Throughout the greater part of April and of May we can enjoy a succession of this flower, infinitely varied in size, form and colour. It is well worth careful consideration how the best effects can be reached. The best effect is certainly not obtained by bedding the bulbs out, as is often done, five or six inches apart all ways. Except perhaps in a very formal parterre close to the house there is too much dull precision in this arrangement. There is no doubt that, where it is possible, the bulbs are best put in haphazard in generous quantity of the same kind, and then left alone for

each side, in which Darwin tulips, some fifty of a variety, were set out in bold masses. The bulbs were not spaced but thrown out on to the soil, and planted where they fell, in order that regularity might be avoided even in their first season. But if not quite so large in bloom, they have been better in their effect in the second and third years, when some of the bulbs may have failed but others have multiplied, and a thoroughly natural grouping is obtained. The bulbs in this case are bedded underneath with pansies, but for other years or places myosotis, double daisies, or other spring bloomers are used. In the middle of June these are torn out, the tulip stalks and leaves are much curtailed, the top soil is lightly broken up and some artificial or other tidy manure forked in without going so deep as to disturb the bulbs, and then the summer plants are set out. If, after the third season, the tulips show any sign of congestion or disease they are lifted and the border is deeply dug and manured. My practice in such a case is to leave the tulips to ripen till about July 1st, and to have well-grown and already blooming plants of such subjects as ivy-leaved geraniums ready

to transfer from the pot to the border. I thus get my tulip bulbs in good order for autumn replanting, and have my summer border as brilliant and well filled as it would have been had the bulbs remained in and the successional plants been put out earlier.

In the case of shrubberies and permanently-planted borders I generally plant inexpensive tulips, and let them take their chance. Some may eventually be smothered out of existence by the expansion of shrubs and big herbaceous stuff, but others will continue for years and form themselves into populous and flourishing colonies over the ground left vacant by some extinct neighbour.

Just now, however, the imminent problem brought before us by the advent of the bulb catalogue is not how to plant, but what to order. Tulips are of so many families, and each family of so many varieties, that we should have a distinctly-formed plan of what we are aiming at before we begin pencil-marking the

margins of the catalogues, and we should have the resolution to stick to our plan. Unless it is important to get the earliest possible effect in some of the beds, the Van Thol section may be left alone. They have a thin, ineffective look, and are so short-stalked as to be ungraceful. Among the other earlies we should seek the varieties that have both a stout and a tall stem and also are richly leaved. There are plenty of such,



Copyright.

TULIPS IN NATURAL GROUPING.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

some years. This rule, with slight variations according to the purpose in view, may be applied not merely to the shrubberies and herbaceous borders, but also to the beds and the geometrical arrangements where summer flowers are to be set out in succession to the tulips. Such an arrangement is illustrated. The broad grassway, spanned by rose arches and flanked with an occasional pair of much-trimmed apple trees, has borders on

and my first favourites are Prince de Ligny for yellow, Prince of Austria for full red and Thomas More for a tone somewhere between the two. Many of the two-coloured varieties, such as Kaiserskroon, with clean-cut yellow edges to its scarlet body, are a little harsh. There is less extreme of contrast and a softer effect about Duchess of Parma. Whenever new borders and new shrubberies are made and a good first season filling is desired, Golden Crown should be introduced by the hundred and thousand. It does admirably and increases rapidly, and its fine, long-petalled yellow flower develops a flame-coloured edge as it expands, which broadens and deepens ere it falls, an entertaining change which is daily watched with interest.

There is nothing more satisfactory about the tulip than that it reserves its very best manifestations to the last. We rejoice in our first tulips whatever they be, coming as they do so soon after the bareness of winter. But as week follows week we get more particular, we are in danger of suffering from plethora, we ask for greater variety and enhanced beauty, and the point is that we get it. Nothing in the flower world is more perfect of its kind than the race of Darwin tulips that has of late times been produced. The immense range of remarkably individual, yet perfectly harmonious, colour from white to purple-black, covering every tone of pink and red, of mauve and purple, is not more striking than the carriage of the fine globular bloom on its tall, strong stalk. I have measured them up to three feet six inches high, and yet, in an ordinarily sheltered place, they need no staking. Almost equally tall are the varieties of *Tulipa gesneriana*. The shape of the flower, however, is different, for the petals are elongated and reach a length of four and a-half inches. The great scarlet-crimson blooms of *Tulipa gesneriana spatulata*, wide open in the sun and showing their metallic black centres, are a gorgeous sight, while the poise and deportment of the plant give a delightful effect of dignity free from stiffness. But perhaps the choicest shape for the tulip is that in which the petals are not only long but also curve outwards. *Tulipa retroflexa* is a delicious thing, and is sufficiently akin to the wild sorts to look well in the larger parts of the rockwork. Cousins of *retroflexa* are *Tulipa fulgens* and *elegans*. They are narrower and taller in the shape of their blooms and the outward tilt of their petals is less pronounced. But they are extremely graceful, and a complete contrast to the Darwin section both in form and colouring. The types are red, *elegans*, almost scarlet, and *fulgens*, bright crimson. Varieties exceedingly worth having have been obtained. *Elegans alba* is quite delightful, the white petals being most delicately outlined with a narrow and distinct edge of red. The restraint of this line of colour and the elegance of the shape make it a more beautiful thing even than *Picotée* or *Cottage Maid*, which resemble it in their scheme of colouring. Of the *fulgens* family nothing surpasses Mrs. Moon, a late yellow tulip of quite admirable deportment. If late yellows are desired in quantity, Mrs. Moon may be associated with *gesneriana lutea*, which expands a little earlier, and with *Parisian Yellow*, which is the latest of all.

Of other colourings, the tones of fawn, salmon and pink afforded by McKinley and Le Rève are very acceptable, and this colouring may be continued by adding to them Inglescombe Pink, which is a week later. Still another tulip form, and a very different one, is afforded by the double varieties. Such should certainly be introduced, although with restraint. They have not the grace of the singles, and are apt to be so top-heavy that the wind breaks them off if they are not securely staked. The most desirable among the late ones is perhaps *Mariage de ma Fille*. The flower is enormous, and resembles a pæony, while the stem, reaching the sufficient height of eighteen inches, is so sturdy that, except in a very exposed spot, it can be relied upon to do its duty.

Enough has now been said to afford some little guidance to those who seek to grow tulips for effect. The subject, if looked at from the collector's standpoint who likes specimens of all the species and examples of the newest



Copyright

BORDERS OF DARWIN TULIPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

introductions, needs treating very differently, and will receive separate notice.

H. AVRAY TIPPING

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF THE YORKSHIRE OUTBREAK.

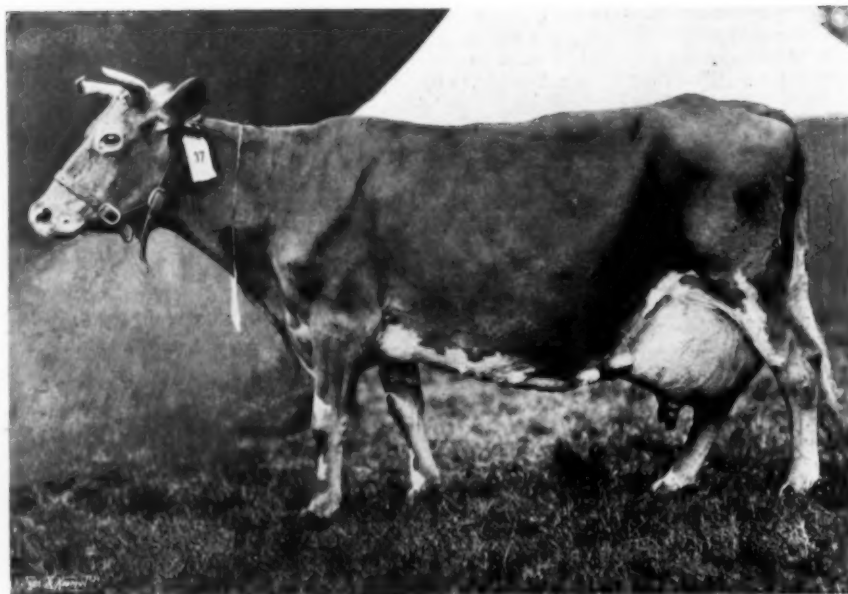
FORTY years ago we took small account of the foot-and-mouth disease. It was seldom fatal; at any rate, the percentage of deaths was very small, and farmers looked upon the complaint when it attacked their stock in a somewhat similar way to that of mothers with regard to measles in the family. It was strange that they should have done so, seeing the enormous loss it caused them, both in the ruin of their milk yield and the loss of flesh in their dry stock. Few of the present generation of farmers realise what it means to have their herds and flocks down with "foot-and-mouth," because they have been so well safeguarded from its dire attacks. As regards the recent outbreak there is very little uneasiness prevailing. We take it for granted that the "authorities" will stamp it out, with scarcely a thought of what would happen if they failed to do so. On the other hand, we hear of complaints from the affected district of the trifling inconvenience caused by the restrictions on removal! But there are others to whom the outbreak is really a serious matter. There are many sales of pedigree stock announced for the coming autumn at points situated in all parts of the country. How will they be affected? The closing of foreign ports, especially those of Argentina, may easily reduce their proceeds to a disastrous extent. It is earnestly to be hoped that the cause of the outbreak will be successfully traced, and, when found, that stern steps will be taken to prevent future mischief from the same source.

THREATENED SHORTAGE OF JERSEY CATTLE.

The enterprise of American breeders often leads to sudden raids on our various breeds of livestock, which are as surprising as they are unexpected. Quite lately a prominent British flockowner exhibited some Hampshire sheep at Chicago, and they were so admired by many visitors that an extensive boom sprang up at once, and orders came over thick and fast, so that it soon became difficult for agents to fulfil them. Then within the last few months there was a run on Guernseys, and whole herds in this country were snapped up for export to the United States which had already been announced for sale by auction. The Transatlantic demand for Jerseys has long been an established fact but it has been steadily growing, and during the last two years has attained very large proportions. This year the exports have surpassed all precedent, both from England and the island itself. It is significant that an exception has been made in favour of cattle from the Channel Islands *via* English ports in the prohibition orders against imports to America from this country in consequence of the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. This competition is becoming alarming to those exhibitors of Jerseys at our shows who get their prize-winners ready-made from Jersey; but perhaps the breed generally would not suffer very seriously if these gentlemen had to depend more on their own skill. One reason of the American preference for Channel Islanders is stated to be the reputation they enjoy for immunity from tuberculosis.

TRING SHOW.

Tring amply maintained its reputation for being the best one-day agricultural show in England on Thursday. When the morning opened everything seemed to point to a splendid day, and Tring was an attraction to the whole population of the country-side. People came pouring into Lord Rothschild's park from every point of the compass, and in every possible kind of vehicle, from the most luxurious of motors down to the humble donkey-cart. The train brought thousands, and those who lived close at hand crowded in on foot. Unfortunately, the promise of the dawn was not kept. In the afternoon, when the crowd was at its greatest—and we understand that the attendance at this, the seventy-first, show was the largest on record—clouds gathered and a heavy thunder-storm broke over the field. Soon the rain was pouring in torrents, to the dismay of the vast crowds who had assembled round the ring, some in their carts and conveyances, and behind these many on foot. A rush was made to the tents and every other sort of shelter; but, of course, they proved insufficient to accommodate more than a small fraction of the spectators. The trees were avoided, because many of those present remembered the sad occurrence of thirteen years ago, when a similar thunder-storm broke over the show and a young man and the girl to whom he was engaged were struck dead by lightning as they were sitting under the leafage. The rainfall was very heavy, and soon the short grass of Lord Rothschild's park was churned into black mud, while in many of the tents the water ran in torrents, making it extremely uncomfortable standing ground even for those who were lucky enough to get into shelter. A very large number of people, it is needless to say, were drenched to the skin. Judging was very nearly over before the rain began. The classes were well filled, and some magnificent animals were



J. T. Newman.

LORD RAYLEIGH'S PRIZE GUERNSEY.

Copyright

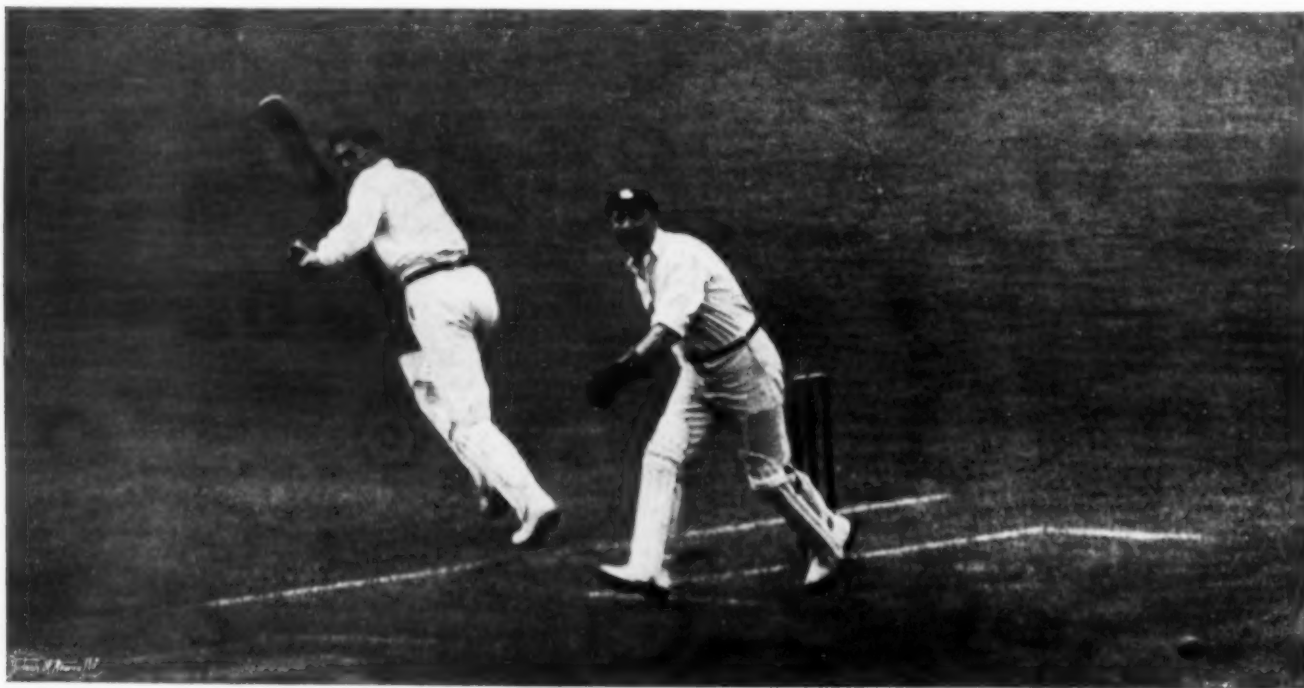
brought forward. The challenge cup offered by Senor Miguel Martinez de Hoz for the best Shire mare or filly in the show was won by Sir Walpole Greenwell with Eureka, whose photograph we showed some weeks ago. As this mare won the same honour last year, the cup now becomes the property of the owner. Sir Berkeley Sheffield's Lawford Diamond was the reserve. In the early spring it will be remembered that this mare took the Shire Horse Society's gold medal at the Agricultural Hall.

Mr. F. M. Kidston of Betlow won Captain Clive Behrens's challenge cup for the best mare, gelding, or filly in the local classes. The challenge cup for the best shorthorn was won by Mr. H. S. Leon with the roan bull Bletchley Knight, and he also produced the reserve in the roan heifer Silver Flax. As usual, the great attraction of Tring was all that pertained to the dairy. We mean, of course, the solid attraction. Amusement, and that of a useful kind, was provided in the sheep trials and other competitions. If anyone qualified to give an opinion were asked what was the most useful effect produced by the Tring Show, he would say that it was the wonderful improvement that had been effected in the livestock and the methods in the dairy in the farms of the neighbourhood. No one could have wished to see a finer collection of milk cows; Jerseys, Guernseys and other breeds were thoroughly well represented. It is sometimes said that you cannot purchase a pound of bad butter within twenty miles of Tring; and though this may be a playful exaggeration, there is no doubt about the good effect that the show has produced not only upon the cattle, but upon the methods of dealing with them. Every year adds to the number of those who recognise that success is impossible without measuring both food and products and keeping a careful account of each animal's produce.

DRAMATIC ENDINGS AT CRICKET.

UNDER the new rules exciting finishes to matches are becoming very common. The general effect may be judged from the fact that on Saturday, out of seven matches, six were brought to a definite conclusion. And if Yorkshire had been a little more enterprising in declaring sooner, they would all have been finished. Perhaps the most exciting end was at Leyton, where Essex went in a

second time leading by 49 and were all out for 58. Thus Notts were set to get 108 to win, and they had an hour and forty minutes to do it in. The task on the wicket seemed very nearly impossible, and when five wickets were down for 31 the visiting team seemed to be certain of losing the match. But at this point, Iremonger playing very steadily and Alletson hitting vigorously, the pair put on 56 in fifty minutes, and completely

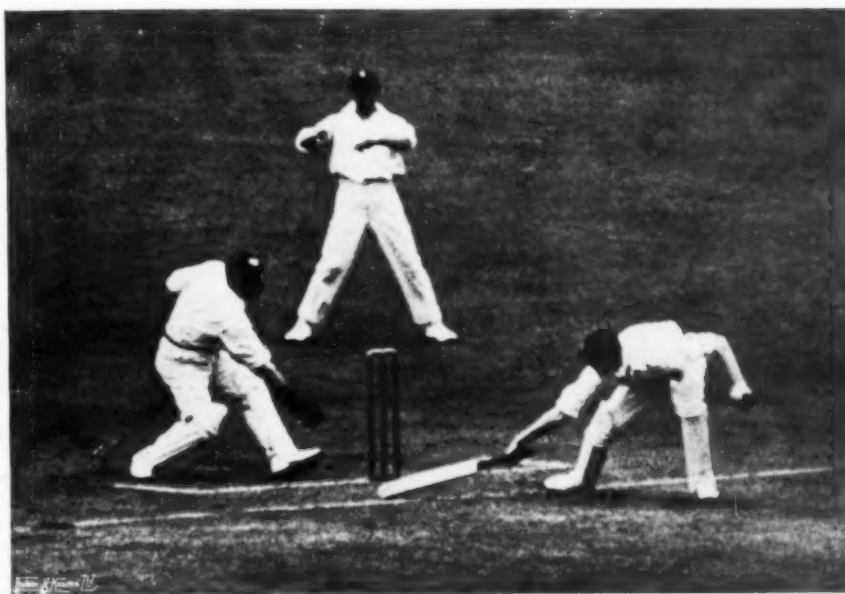


"BYE!"

altered the complexion of the game. Notts won just on the stroke of time; three minutes more and the match would have been drawn.

A still finer finish was played at the Oval, when Surrey had to make 79 in the last innings. The seventh wicket went down for 39, and victory for Middlesex seemed to be almost won; but when Mr. Leveson-Gower and Smith brought the score up to 78, Surrey's chances were once again in the ascendant. The match was eventually won by two wickets. This was as brilliant a victory as Surrey has achieved this year.

The two most striking events of the week, however, were the splendid innings played respectively by Mr. Spooner and Mr. R. E. Foster. Mr. Spooner's performance took place at the annual Bank Holiday match between Lancashire and Yorkshire, in which Yorkshire were hopelessly beaten. Mr. Spooner's was as fine a display of cricket as one could wish to see. Still more remarkable was the achievement of Mr. R. E. Foster, who has



"HOW'S THAT?"

and thoroughly spoilt the wicket, so that Blythe and Woolley were able to do what they liked with the batsmen, and had them all out for 55 in the first innings and 140 in the second. Kent's position as champion is now impregnable. Surrey follow at a long interval, with Lancashire next, then Hampshire, and Middlesex fifth.

been out of first-class cricket for three years. Batting against Yorkshire, and Yorkshire apparently in a winning mood, he compiled 133 against very good bowling, and the style in which he did it was an object-lesson in batting.

In the county competition Kent are still leading easily, having won two notable victories during the Canterbury Week. Middlesex were beaten by an innings and 150; Kent in the first innings made 412, of which Seymour was responsible for 193. Gloucester were defeated just as brilliantly in the second portion of the week. Kent, having the first innings, made 291, after which rain came

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON has written a book, *The Negro in the New World* (Methuen), which comes out at a most opportune moment. It is a very elaborate work of a character all its own—in information an encyclopædia, in form a book of travel, in character a tract. The original inspiration from which it sprang came from Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, than whom there is no one better qualified to gauge the importance of the race jealousy in the United States. Sir Harry Johnston on his side possesses the best qualifications for writing negro history. In ordinary cases no very great importance would be attached to the hasty impressions of a visitor to America; but the author carried with him the knowledge gained during a lifetime's study, and new facts were added easily and naturally. Sir Harry Johnston will not command less attention because he happens to have a bias in favour of the black races. No one can survey the history of these ill-used races of men without feeling compassion for them. Before the slave trade with America began there existed a steady Oriental demand for eunuchs, concubines and servants, that was met by the tribes victorious in battle. Their ordinary custom was to subject captives to unspeakable tortures, ending in massacre, but it was a revelation that they could be sold for goods or money. No one could denounce the iniquities of the slave trade more energetically than the author, yet he says:

So far as the sum of human misery in Africa was concerned, it is probable that the trade in slaves between that Continent and America scarcely added to it. It even to some extent mitigated the suffering of the negro in his own home.

The degrading and horrible manner in which that traffic was conducted goes to show that the civilisation of the white man was no more than a veneer. The nations that engaged in it most freely were Spain, Holland, Britain and France. Sir Harry sums up the record of each country and deals with the particular part of the New World on which the influence of that country was most marked. He finds Spain to have been the pioneer, as indeed was almost manifest from the nomenclature of the subject. The very word "Negro" is Spanish in form; so, practically speaking, are "Mulatto" and "Creole." Our author waxes very eloquent on the evil fortunes of Spain in reaping no fruit from her great qualities, such as her valour and religious zeal. During the three hundred and thirty years of struggle which began with the attack of Sir John Hawkins in 1568 and ended with the surrender of Cuba to the Americans in 1898, she always had to recede before the Anglo-Saxon. She is one of the decaying Latin races that refused to accept the vitalisation which Britain and Germany owed to the

Reformation. Her laws regarding slavery were made at Spain's proudest hour, and by their breadth, humanity and enlightenment were worthy of her leading position among the nations. A visit was paid to Cuba, where Spanish influence can be most easily observed. Cuba presents in little the best case that can be made out for the black man in America. He appears to suffer little from colour prejudice. "Negroes and negresses travel alongside white Cubans in trains or street cars, sit next them in cafés, theatres and churches, and the men match against each other at those cock-fights that are still the most important pastime in Cuban life." In spite of this the negro is "losing ground, politically and socially." Sir Harry Johnston will not admit such a thing as race inferiority, and yet his own statements prove its existence. From Spain migrants have poured into Cuba since the war. In 1908 they numbered one hundred and eighty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-eight, and they are proving most successful colonists, while the negro is driven to become a domestic servant or a retail tradesman. The newcomers have brought their wives with them, and the white birth-rate is as high as the black. Here, as elsewhere, all statistics bearing on the question of relative numbers should be read with the understanding that the "near white" is always tending to pass into the absolute white. As white their descendants always want to be classified. It is popularly believed that the coloured population of the New World exceeds the white in fecundity. Sir Harry Johnston denies this:

In 1790 the Negro element formed 19 per cent. of the total population of the United States (757,208 Negroes as against 3,172,006 Whites). In 1880 the percentage had dropped to 13.1, in 1900 to 11.6. In Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, the (native) White population was increasing between 1890 and 1900 at the rate of 29.2 per cent., and the Negro in the same States at the rate of only 19.9 per cent.

On the other hand in West Virginia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Oklahoma and Arkansas, the Coloured people are increasing faster than the Whites.

Since figures are given, it would have been most useful had Sir Harry Johnston compiled one or two simple tables or had them drawn up by one of the many excellent statisticians in Washington. The table given at the end of the book is almost useless for purposes of comparison.

Facts not given, but greatly needed, are many. What is the rate of infant mortality, which is so much greater in the black than in the white nursery? The black man is described as "a hive of disease germs," so that death thins the population; but the absolute growth in numbers is very great. Here, of course, we are criticising the work as a reference or text book; but it would be unfair to the author to insist on that side of it. Sir Harry Johnston's book is chiefly valuable for its exhaustive

study of the history of the negro and for the vivid account of present conditions. We scarcely think, however, that it will have the effect he aims at, just because his conclusions do not follow inevitably from his facts.

The situation may be summed up briefly enough. In White America we have a race of great intelligence and adaptability, one that is in the way of overcoming the difficulties of living in the tropics. As our author says:

In cleansing Cuba, and in making the Panama Canal, the American has learned the secret of the Tropics; of how to live under an Equatorial sun and torrential rains, and yet by exterminating or avoiding insect poisoners to keep his health and vigour.

But he might have added that this sovereign people show a diminishing birth-rate and is largely dependent on new blood recruited from Europe. The negroes, after coming from dreadful surroundings, were still further brutalised and stupefied by the treatment of Dutch, English, French and other slave owners in the eighteenth century. They are of pithecoïd character with stout bodies and ape-like faces, and they are particularly susceptible to consumption. But they are fecund, and the ever-increasing hordes are conscious of having suffered for the brutal treatment dealt out to their immediate forefathers. They have more muscle and less intellect than the white races. Thus it is idle, we think, for anyone to deny that the elements of a great struggle are present. It will be avoided only by wise, liberal and tactful statesmanship.

SHORT STORIES.

Things That No One Tells. by Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chapman and Hall.)

IN *Things That No One Tells* Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne has gathered together eleven short stories of an almost uniform excellence. It is a matter for congratulation to an author when the reader can pass from one sketch to another with eagerness and expectation and with a growing assurance as he proceeds that the next will be as good as the last. Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne is a graceful writer and a clever psychologist. Each one of these short stories is slung on the slightest thread, and so delicately and skilfully handled that the reader loses sight of the author's artistry in enjoyment of the subtle weaving of emotions. To make mention of one story as preferred before another is difficult. Perhaps "Blue Muslin," a duel between the conventional and the real, ending in tragedy; "Madeline Annesley," the study of a platonic friendship, in which, with extraordinary intuition, the ego of the undesired woman is disclosed; and "The Bungalow," which deals with the supernatural, are among the best. In the fourth story, "The Red Umbrella," there is more than a hint that the author has come under the influence of Henry James; indeed, throughout the volume comparison is provoked. Though distinctly clever, this, on that account, is perhaps one of the least satisfactory of the stories, for it is the least self-conscious. *Things That No One Tells* should add considerably to the reputation of the author.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Dead Letters. by Maurice Baring. (Constable.)

MR. MAURICE BARING'S *Dead Letters* should not be read at one sitting, for though distinctly witty and amusing, they betray a certain sameness of execution. The matter being varied, this is the more remarkable. Mr. Baring has travelled back into the past for his material; the greater number of these dead letters, written in a colloquial, discursive and modern manner, purport to come from personages whose names are of more or less world-wide renown. The idea is original; and, on the whole, the author has treated it successfully. In a foreword he warns the reader that he is conscious that in some of these letters he may have laid himself open to a charge of irreverence towards certain themes which are hallowed by romance and overshadowed by the wings of the great poets. This the reader will decide for himself. In "From the Mycenæ Papers" the author's fancy has made play with the correspondence of Clytemnestra, Agisthus, Helen and others. Writing of Paris to Agisthus, Clytemnestra remarks, "Paris has arrived. I don't know if you know him. He is the second son of the King of Troy. He made an unfortunate marriage with a girl called Enone, the daughter of a rather disreputable river-person. . . ." In like fashion Mr. Maurice Baring spares none; Marcus Aurelius at Lanuvium, Cleopatra at Rome, the Camelot jousts pluck the garment of romance from the several characters of which they treat with a happy inconsequence. Heine, Bellini, De Musset do not escape. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy finds place in "Poet, Player and Literary Agent," and is one of the most amusing satires in a book which, read with discretion, will be thoroughly enjoyed. The author must expect to find not a few who will protest strongly against this disillusioning and, at the same time, witty elucidation of the intimate characteristics of the cherished Great; but none can deny the apt cleverness of his allusions and deductions nor the pleasing quality of his humour.

A VILLAGE CHRONICLE.

Early Victorian. by S. S. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

IT might almost be thought that village chronicles were overdone, so many are written and have been written; but for a success there is always room, and few can touch the higher grace and shrewdness of this new one. In the days when "the Queen" was still a girl, such long ago days to this generation, the people of Basset lived and moved and had their being, and the interest of their lives, touched by the first beginnings of the things that were to fill the century, is a touching interest and profound. The art in this book is of the finest. It is called a "chronicle," and that is what it is. Not a novel, with all the passions blazing and all the people connected, and the end all rounded off for all of them—not even a tale, with one definite thread running neatly through it and the events chosen only to illustrate the story—but a chronicle of quiet lives, real lives, that move as ours do among great things and deep sorrows and hidden tragedies, but take them, as the great majority is taking them to-day, if we look round us with sober eyes, quietly and without much ado or discontent. Every character lives. As in a real chronicle of real life, there is no hero and no heroine; only

we know whom we love best and would best have liked to know. There is no villain, any more than there is in real life. But that interweaving of character, whereby the faults and virtues of us all touch the lives and mould the characters of each of us, is seen in this book as it is seen in life. Unfinished as real life, sad as real life, yet, just as is real life, with not one life left unhelpful or wholly without interest—that is the art of the chronicler. Parson Gaunt had the love of the curly-headed Tommy Latimer, Pollie had a dream and her duty, Sir John his baby son, Jeannie young Dr. Mark to love and fend for—there is for all some reason that makes life worth the living still. It is interesting to fancy similar situations for the natures of to-day, less able to endure, less believing in the strength of "duty," more sensitive to limitations and more impatient of them. Such comparisons the chronicler has in his mind as he goes his way, building up for us with an unerring hand the very lives and souls of those far-off times, when people lived in their own houses till they died and never saw the world.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF SUMMER.

Written in the Rain. by John Trevena. (Mills and Boon.)

GLOOM, conscious and at times flippant, marks this book. Its writer has the air of saying "I paint life as it is. I neither soften nor idealise. Take it or leave it." In the present condition of the weather one would perhaps rather leave it, but on a warm, bright day, with everything reassuring in full swing around a comfortable hammock, it would be quite a book to read. One might perhaps feel from time to time that the author was being almost too conscious that he was being dreadful, but thrills are not uncomfortable things in broad sunshine. "A Reminiscence Concerning a Woman" is a gruesome tale. Indeed, they are nearly all gruesome tales. But they have power and conviction, and before one has read very far one has been fixed by the glassy eye of Mr. Trevena, as the glassy eye of the Ancient Mariner fixed his victim of old, and one goes on reading—in horror, perhaps, but still reading. That is why this book, which was written in the rain, is best read in the sunshine, though how long that would postpone its perusal even the meteorologists seem unable to say.

UNCONSCIOUSLY HUMOROUS.

The Chosen of the Gods. by Andrew Soutar. (Harper.)

WHY Messrs. Harper should have published such a book must remain an enduring wonder; but since they have done so, and it can only have been by the advice of a "reader" who had never seen either India or England, and who knew neither English nor Hindustani, *The Chosen of the Gods* is to be thoroughly recommended as one of the quaintest productions that has recently seen the light. It must have stirred to the depths all those of our Republican friends who still believe in the tyranny of the English rule; it is throughout an exposition of that attitude so sonorously expressed when Anglo-Indians were spoken of as "fresh from the orgy of complete autocracy over a servile race." It is written by someone who, in spite of the Scotch pseudonym, had to learn his English, and did so elsewhere than in Scotland. He is to be warmly congratulated on having so nearly—but not quite—conquered its idiomatic difficulties. All the Anglo-Indians beat all the natives severely on all possible occasions; but the most memorable occurs when a young man, much in love, finds himself in such ecstasy at the memory of his adored that he leans over and beats the shoulders of the rickshaw boy. It is one of the funniest books in its naive and utterly unconscious humour that the present reviewer has ever had the delight of reading. Finally, while it purports to be full of the pathos of a "down-trodden race," it has undoubtedly a pathos of its own, of which it is itself as completely unaware as it is of its absurdity.

A REALLY NEW NOTION.

Alise of Astra. by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen.)

NONE of the people in Mr. Marriott Watson's new book are new, but the plot most decidedly is. There are perhaps one or two gaps in it that must be jumped with one's eyes shut, such as the wandering forth of Sir Philip Temple to the Grand Duke's castle with the unknown woman he had rescued from the railway accident, in complete ignorance of her condition; but the gaps are worth jumping for the sake of the excellent situation that lies on the further side. Not till it begins to dawn on Sir Philip himself does it begin to dawn on the reader also that there is a strange and most unexpected reason for the sleuth-hound energy with which the Government of Eisenburg strives to rid that impossible but romantic little kingdom of Sir Philip's presence; and another capital piece of stage-management is the way in which both the warring parties in the State are given reason to believe that the indifferent Sir Philip is plotting against them, so that when one set of conspirators drops him for the moment, the other instantly takes up the hue and cry. He certainly had what is popularly called a rocky time, and one cannot help feeling that so calm and temperate a man would hardly have remained through a whole novel in such a dangerous little country, when so many less exciting spots in Europe were accessible to him. But while there is a plot to unravel and a Princess to win, no Englishman leaves the stage; and till he has done both, neither does Sir Philip. He is of the impassively interested type common to these domains of mingled politics and romance, and the Princess Alise is the usual high-spirited fascinating sort of Princess; but they are all active and alive and well done, and the story is good enough to carry a far less interesting set of people to success.

A FOOL.

The Pilgrimage of a Fool. by J. E. Buckrose. (Mills and Boon.)

WHY must the good always be stupid? Why must the unselfish so seldom be anything else worth a remark? From the days of Thackeray's Amelia and long before, the student of life endeavouring to study books has had to raise this irritated protest—against so gratuitous an assumption—and he here has occasion to raise it again. It isn't fair on goodness to portray it as an attribute never possessed in excess except by the desperately dull, and it has been thus portrayed so often that the point is gone. The deprecating, nervous, simple, agitated Adam, who runs away from his vulgar home, is, as his author calls him, a fool; and it is highly irritating to see that extraordinarily interesting attribute which we call goodness given over into the hands of a fool to be carried throughout an entire book. Adam's author means us to see by the end of it that the fool was the wisest man in it and the most to be admired; but on one protesting reader, at any rate, this effect has not been produced. He would rather have married North five times over than have taken one walk in the unrelieved company of Adam—and so would anybody. After this energetic protest one may calm

down into approbation and approval. Apart from his endeavour to show what is not there to be shown, Mr. Buckross has given us a clever and delightful book. The vulgar Sands, and the human Rachel, and the rescued North, and, best of all, the virtuous Mary, one is thoroughly pleased to meet. There is throughout the story a sense of unreality—Rachel would never really have become engaged to a gardener, for instance, nor North have bought Adam a farm with a sudden windfall of forty thousand pounds—but the tale is an extravaganza on purpose and not by mistake, and a very readable and original one.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.
Turner's Sketches and Drawings, by A. J. Finberg. (Methuen.)
My German Year, by L. A. R. Wylie. (Mills and Boon.)
The Cross of Honour, by May Openshaw. (Werner Laurie.)
The Feet of the Years, by John Dalison Hyde. (Stanley Paul.)
Written in the Rain, by John Trevena. (Mills and Boon.)
Early Victorian, by S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 28*.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE CALCUTTA CUP.

THE Calcutta Cup never seems to attract so good or so large a field as does the Jubilee Vase, partly, no doubt, because the earlier date is not so popular as the later, partly because it is played for on the new course and the Jubilee Vase is played for on the old. This year the field was certainly not quite up to the mark in either quality or quantity, and there was a very small band of those who are in the proud position of owing strokes. Of the few that did enter, three, curiously enough, were soldiers—Captain MacAllan, Mr. W. A. Henderson and Mr. Guy Campbell—but Mr. Campbell scratched and the other two disappeared early in the proceedings. The one civilian, Mr. W. E. Fairlie, made a gallant show and looked a likely winner. However, in the final he appears to have been right out of form, and Mr. Richardson trampled on him rather severely. Mr. Fairlie is beyond doubt one of the very best putters that exist. All those who play much golf are as to this unanimously emphatic to the point of profanity. He always used to putt with the now-vanished Schenectady. Being a member of the Rules Committee, he had to pronounce his own doom, and with a splendid impartiality was a determined opponent of his own club. However, it has often been said that it does not matter what a good putter putts with, and Mr. Fairlie now does very well with an ordinary aluminium putter. He seems to use it in the same manner as he did the Schenectady, a manner that was also characteristic of Mr. Travis, namely, a pronounced push through with the right hand.

THE OVERLAPPING GRIP REVERSED FOR PUTTING.

There has been a vast deal said and written about how and how not to putt. Out of that mass of sometimes contradictory statements there is one that may be said to have the majority of expert opinions behind it, and that is that the right hand is to play the most important part in the performance. It is, therefore, rather odd that so comparatively few players use what may be called the reverse inter-locked or overlapping grip, in which the first finger of the left hand rides upon the little finger of the right hand. This grip certainly makes the right hand the master, and gives it most of the work to do. It is not employed by Mr. Fairlie, who formed the original text of our little sermon, but it was used by Mr. Travis; indeed, he was the first player that we remember to have seen doing so.

Harry Vardon and Mr. Ball hold the club thus in some of their putting moods; but the best advertisement for it in this country is Mr. Herbert Fowler, who always holds his club thus and is a putter both artistic and effective. No doubt there are others, but still it is a grip that is seldom seen. It may be recommended as a possible cure for those who find it difficult to take the club well through after the ball in putting. The difficulty about this use of the right hand in putting is that there are divergent opinions about its proper limitations. Some say that the right hand should take the club back, and, in fact, control the operation throughout. Others say that the right hand should deliver the actual hit, but that the taking back of the club should be done mainly with the left, and this

we know is one of Mr. Fowler's tenets. Not the least part of the difficulty is that if we analyse the stroke too closely we shall become so self-conscious as to miss the ball, and "the ball maun be hit."

THE YEAR'S FASHIONS IN CLUBS.

It is always rather interesting to observe season by season the waves of fashion that come over the world of golf in the matter of clubs. Just at present as regards wooden clubs, fashion appears to be tending in two different and opposite directions, towards decidedly big or decidedly little heads. It was very noticeable in the golf exhibition that was held at St. Andrews during the open championship that the normal driver or brassie had a smaller and more compact head than was customary a few years ago. The St. Andrews' club-makers in particular used to make decidedly large-headed clubs, and it was to the South that one looked for those little bullet-headed fellows which are in their extreme form called by such names as "Pug," "Toby," or "Bulldog." This year it was notable that the clubs that came from the hands of such artists as the Auchterlonies, the Forghans and the Andersons had heads built on lines altogether smaller, and certainly—to our eyes at least—neater than of yore. The fashion had even spread in a measure to the wooden putters. The putter that won the first prize, a most artistic and polished piece of workmanship, had a head quite diminutive as compared with what we have been disposed to imagine was the orthodox model of a wooden putter. There was, however, in this matter of putters a greater divergence than among the drivers and brassies. Side by side with this fashion for smaller heads must be set that for those pronouncedly broad and big heads which we associate with the "Dreadnought" type of club.

THE BIG HEAD.

That name "Dreadnought" has now come, in common golfing parlance, to have rather an unsatisfactory vagueness of meaning. It ought, of course, only to mean the club made famous by its ingenious inventors, Bernard Sayers and Mr. Robert Maxwell; that is to say, it should signify a club with a big head and a shaft in which a plentiful amount of springiness is to be found high up. On the other hand, there are a good many players who say that they play with Dreadnoughts, but whose clubs when we waggle them turn out to have perfectly ordinary stiff shafts attached to big heads. A number of players have now discovered that as regards the springy shaft, either they are not clever enough to

attain to the necessary perfection of timing, or that the transition from a whippy driver to a stiff cleek or iron upsets the other departments of their play too much for the game to be quite worth the candle. On the other hand, they derive, or at any rate think they derive, which is the next best thing, some solid benefit from the big head. It may help them to drive a ball with a lower trajectory, or the advantage may be of a more fanciful character. At any rate, the big flat head, very like the old "bap," has apparently come to stay. To revert for a moment to the springy shaft, it may sometimes have a distinct value which may be called medicinal. Even though we cannot master the art of driving with it, it sometimes is a very useful thing to keep by one. An occasional swing



MR. W. B. STODDART.

or two with it will often correct a tendency to snatch or force with our ordinary clubs. Instinctively we swing gently and as little hurriedly as possible with the springy club, and sometimes a useful measure of the gentleness remains to us when we revert to our more brutal and prosaic weapons.

RITCHIE'S SCORE AT WALTON HEATH.

Everybody who played at Walton Heath knew that in Braid's shop there was a very fine player called Ritchie, but, as far as the general public was concerned, he has only just sprung into fame. He played one very brilliant round at St. Andrews, and finished commendably high up in the open championship. Then in the qualifying round of the assistants' tournament he came away with a wonderfully fine game at Romford, his first round being 72, whereas Braid and Vardon only a short while before had required 78 and 76 respectively. Now Ritchie has had the temerity to come within one stroke of his master's record at Walton Heath. He went round in 69, and his score, when examined in detail, reveals the fact that he took five to the tenth hole. This tenth hole can be reached by quite humble ordinary people in one stroke, so that it is fair to say that he dropped two strokes at this one hole, which makes his performance all the more wonderful. Ritchie comes from Aberdeen, where he was a contemporary of Duncan's, and it seems quite possible that he may soon be treading on that brilliant young gentleman's heels.

MR. W. B. STODDART.

Mr. Stoddart is this year the captain of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. In that capacity he had much hard work to do during the amateur championship at Hoylake, and one particularly pleasant duty to perform, the presentation of the champion's medal to his old friend, Mr. John Ball. He also had the satisfaction of being a member of the English Selection Committee which at last managed to choose a team that could beat the Scotsmen. Mr. Stoddart is himself a good golfer, and has done well in one or two championships, notably that at Hoylake in 1906. His golfing fame is, however, a little overshadowed by his exploits at cricket and football. One of the sturdiest of forwards, he represented England several times at Rugby football, while by his insidious bowling he has done much good service for his native county Lancashire; in short, he is as fine a specimen as need be of the all-round athlete. His latest distinction is that of becoming a J.P., and he is well calculated to strike awe into the evil-doer.

BRAID V. DUNCAN.

While Ritchie was doing his record, Duncan was engaged at Skelmorlie in tackling somebody else from Walton Heath, and a very poor time he had of it. Braid went round in 65 and won the match by 6 up and 5 to play. In the afternoon, when a scoring round was played, the two men tied at 69, so that we are perhaps justified in assuming that the course is not a particularly long one. That which is interesting is to read that there are but twelve holes, so that six have to be played over again in order to make up the full round. If more golf club committees would condescend thus to cut their coat according to their cloth, there would be far fewer bad golf courses. Inconveniences there are, no doubt, attendant on so doing, but how easy it is to call to mind courses—and some of them quite famous ones—which would be far better were it not for the law of imitation which dictates that there must be eighteen holes.

AN AMERICAN . . . LAND POLICY.

NO one can have read with greater interest than the present writer Sir Horace Plunkett's book, "The Rural Life Problem of the United States." It is just about twenty years since I invented the phrase so constantly recurring in its pages, "The Rural Exodus." Nor had anyone before that directed attention to the modern form of a problem that vexed the minds of Roman Economists. It was the complaint of William Cobbett that under the Poor Law of his time the villages were peopled as thickly as rabbit warrens, their numbers keeping down the price of labour. Carlyle thundered about the surrender of the landed interests to commercial industry; he did not see that industrial expansion was going to lead to the depopulation of the rural districts. Sir Horace Plunkett has earned a title to speak. In Ireland, which owes so much to his exertions, the Rural Exodus had taken the form of a steady desertion of the country altogether. From an answer given in the House of Commons on July 20th, it would appear that there are signs of the movement being checked. To effect a cure has required the best efforts of our best statesmen from Gladstone to Augustine Birrell, aided by gigantic monetary assistance, and the organisation of agriculture under the advice and with the aid of Sir Horace himself.

The problem in America differs from that in England and Ireland. Sir Horace qualified to elucidate it during the years he was a rancher along the foothills of the Rockies, which gave him knowledge of the practical side. He was obliged to go frequently to Washington to study the effect of Federal Institutions on the rural population. Lastly, he has had many opportunities of consulting with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. He and the ex-President advocate one and the same Country-Life Policy. It is divided into two parts, one of which is fully accepted by the country, and the other received with an intellectual assent that has little driving force behind it. The name given to the former is Conservation. America in its lusty, bawling, prodigal youth was extremely careless of its natural wealth. The land was so bountifully rich that it appeared as though its resources were inexhaustible. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, late United States Forester, was not only impressed with the necessity of conserving the timber supply, but went further, and said that "every natural resource must be husbanded." Mr. James J. Hill, the famous railway president, in a

great address delivered in 1906, showed that America was not only wasting its supply of merchantable timber, but its minerals and, worst of all, "the natural fertility of the soil." "The final result," according to Mr. Hill, "must be that within a comparatively brief period—a period for which the present generation was bound to take thought—this veritable Land of Promise would be hard pressed to feed its own people, while the manufactured exports to pay for imported food would not be forthcoming."

Here we find the origin of the Conservation policy, which was almost immediately accepted by all parties, and was supported with elaborate energy by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Complementary to it is the Rural Life-Policy.

Sir Horace Plunkett explains this with a lucidity that commends itself all the more because of the writer's nervous and finished style of writing. In the complexity of modern conditions, the elementary facts of the situation have been forgotten. How can the owner of millions realise that he is dependent for the necessities of life on the products of the soil? Almost within living memory the real state of affairs was so obvious that it could not escape anybody. Every city used to depend for its food-supply on the fields that lay around its walls. The townspeople bought their food from the country people, and indeed saw it in its various stages of growth, so that their dependence on the land was brought home to them daily and weekly. Dependence on the land for food is as great to-day as ever it was. There is no rich man, be he a millionaire ever so many times over, who could subsist if the land ceased yielding its produce. If he does not recognise the fact, it is because under the complications of modern life food comes from such vast distances, and is doled out through so many channels, that the man whose existence is spent in a counting-house is apt to forget his dependence upon Mother Earth. But the truth is there all the same, and on it Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. Roosevelt base the rural policy of the future. We sympathise keenly with them in their endeavour; but little good would be done if our identity of feeling on the subject were to act as a hindrance to a full and careful examination of the proposals made. Sir Horace Plunkett is, I think, a little overwhelmed by the success of Ireland, and perhaps does not sufficiently recognise that the small tenants with whom he has had to deal differ very essentially from those who cultivate the land in England and the United States. They are, in the first place, little people, and little people are more easily taught co-operation than are those who work on a very large scale. The small dairy which produces only a few gallons a week finds the cost of marketing it a heavy tax, and so, when the proposal was made to establish dairies or creameries after the Danish fashion, it was willingly adopted in Ireland. But the great English farmers cannot be influenced so easily. Some of them work on such a very large scale that they are independent of co-operation. We have to remember that in this country modern small holdings are still in the experimental stage, while those who have made a great deal of money out of the land have done so by working it in a wholesale fashion; that is to say, they have added farm to farm until they cultivate an estate rather than a holding.

Further, it seems odd that the duty of intensive cultivation should be preached in America, where there are still such vast tracts of land awaiting the plough. But, of course, "intensive" has a comparative meaning. The old settler, in the days when land could be had for the taking, cropped his acres as long as they would yield anything worth his while, and then moved on to other soil when they were exhausted. American farmers now are settling down, if not to a four or six course system, at any rate to a regular method of manuring the soil and preparing it for crops. There is evidence, too, that a great many are beginning to think that growing corn is not the best way in which to employ land, and the consequence is that there has been a transference of capital from cereals to fruit. Of course, this must have the effect of rendering wheat less plentiful, and consequently of increasing the price of it. It is a natural operation in a country which is passing from the condition of being very sparsely settled to being as closely settled as a European nation. If men work on principles, those laid down in Sir Horace Plunkett's very thoughtful essay are the best they can apply; but, unfortunately, the great majority travel along the line of least resistance. No man cultivates the land because of the abstract truth that the food of the community depends on his doing so. His aim is to make a livelihood, and if possible something more than a livelihood. His distaste for rural labour is largely due to the fact that in the great towns wider, more interesting and more remunerative careers are open alike to rich and poor; and so long as this is so, all that can be done is to render country life as attractive as possible without expecting too much from it. As Sir Horace Plunkett points out, there has been a Rural Exodus in Ireland, in England and in America; but each movement has had a character of its own, and each country, therefore, demands its peculiar remedy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COCCIDIOSIS IN PHEASANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very sorry to say I lost a lot of young pheasants with white diarrhoea and could not stop it. Some of the coops of birds died out altogether, and some coops lost five or six out of seventeen birds. I have been rearing pheasants for thirty-five years and never saw anything like it before. They died off from four to ten days old, and then what were left did well. It was not so bad in wild pheasants as the hand-reared ones. It has been a very bad season. I never saw birds do so badly as they have done this time—both the partridges and pheasants—owing to so much wet and cold weather, and now what partridges are left are dying with the gapes, so we shall have none left.—JOHN STRINGER, Head-gamekeeper to Lord Walsingham, Merton Lodge, Watton, Norfolk.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with a good deal of interest the article by Dr. Shipley on coccidiosis. About seven thousand pheasants have been reared here, but up to now they have done very well indeed, and there has been no outbreak of disease. I am careful to see that they are not reared on the same ground under four years and that everything in the way of food and water is of the cleanest and best.—R. P. COOPER, Shenstone Court, Lichfield.

CAPERCAILLIE ATTACKING HUMAN BEINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The incident related by Sir Neil Menzies in your issue of August 6th of a capercaillie cock attacking human beings is by no means unprecedented, or even uncommon, at all events during the breeding season. In the third volume of the fourth edition of "Yarrell's British Birds," page 53, we find, for instance, the following statement on this subject: "During the breeding-season the capercaillie cocks, like the males of most of the polygamous birds, are very fierce, and severe combats take place between rivals. Instances are also on record in which old males have not hesitated to attack the passers-by who infringed upon their domain, pecking at their legs and feet, and striking with the wings. Mr. Alderberg mentions such an occurrence. During a number of years an old capercaillie cock had been in the habit of frequenting the estate of Villinge at Wormdö, which, as often as he heard the voice of people in the adjoining wood, had the boldness to station himself on the ground, and, during a continual flapping of his wings, pecked at the legs and feet of those that disturbed his domain."—R. LYDEKKER.

A LOST PIGEON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Monday, August 1st, the keeper here caught a blue pigeon with the following markings. On right leg: A metal ring, R.P. F. 08. 1455. On left leg: A rubber ring, 439 G. The bird is now at large, but comes on to the verandah and flies round the house.—ROBERT MILLER, Hope Lodge, by Tongue, Sutherland, N.B.

ALL MIXED UP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you herewith two photographs taken from the same farm in Hertfordshire. They illustrate in a remarkable manner the character of the present season. In one the men are busily engaged making a hayrick with the aid of an elevator, and in the other they are reaping oats. The same thing happened last year, and it is curious that for two years in succession the corn harvest and the hay harvest should be going on simultaneously. I may add that

in this district there are still many heavy crops of hay that are not cut, and a great deal more lying on the ground half-rotted with the rain, a very tantalising thing to the farmer, since the crop in nearly every case was an exceptionally heavy one and the hay returns at the beginning of the year promised well.



REAPING OATS.

The corn harvest is regarded with apprehension. I send you some ears of wheat in which you will see that the grains at the top of the ear are atrophied and the disease, or whatever it is, is gradually progressing downwards. This is characteristic of many fields of wheat this year, so that it is to be feared that the yield will not be anything like the estimate made by the Board of Agriculture.—G. G.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Unhappy indeed is the lot of the West of England farmer with his mixed farms. He has been haymaking, or, rather, hay-spoiling, right along from June, and is not in sight of the finish yet. And very few indeed have made half-a-dozen ricks of good hay, and this must tell its tale later. There has been only a week's real fine haymaking weather, and the farmers used this in getting in the damaged hay of the weeks before. When they recommenced cutting, down came the rain, and the little hay got in anything like condition has been sneaked in. Of course, such haymaking is very expensive, by reason of the full staff of labour having to be kept ready for emergencies. The roots have been fairly clean; but still, when the weeds have been hoed off it practically only means a check instead of a riddance. Mangels are failing to bulb by reason of the lack of sunshine. Swedes and turnips are good plants, but on lime-deficient ground there are serious ravages of finger-and-toe. The potato disease is very apparent. The harvest is now close in, and it is heart-rending to the farmer to notice the havoc played by the town and country sparrows; they have fairly threshed acres of corn. There are no bird boys now, and farmers must be with their men. Oats have gone down badly. What is now wanted is a month's hot sunshine to ripen the corn and to dry the late grass crops, as this is what the haying fields are now full of, which should have been luxuriant aftermath. And to dry this with foggy mornings and dewy evenings would not be a sinecure even if we had a start of fine weather. On the other hand, pasturages still hold out well; there is plenty of milk, and a weighty, if not over-excellent quality, make of cheese is anticipated. The butter-makers have enjoyed high prices and excellent markets throughout the summer period. The number of land sales has been abnormal, and as many farmers have purchased their holdings, it has tied up a lot of capital and rendered this a bit tight, in some districts especially.—ELDRIDGE WALKER.

A TERN'S BLUE EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE for August 6th a correspondent enquired whether the common tern ever laid blue eggs. Bluish eggs of the common and Arctic tern do occasionally turn up; but there are none in the Natural History Museum of so dark a shade of blue as those referred to in the letter. Such eggs are rare; there are only one or two examples in the Museum collection. It is to be hoped that your correspondent will at once place this egg in the dark and keep it there, or it will lose all its colour.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

A CASE OF MELANISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you identify the enclosed moth? I found it on the wall of the house a few days ago. I cannot find it in my books, and think it must be something unusual, or else a melanic variety of some species.—W. J. BROOKE, Bridgnorth.

[The insect sent by our correspondent is the melanic form of the pepper-and-salt moth (*Biston betularius*). The "type" has the fore wings white, with numerous short, fine, transverse markings of black. The black form is locally common. We are glad to be able to record its appearance in our correspondent's district.—ED.]



MAKING A RICK.

OLD-TIME DANCING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of performers in a delightful entertainment I have just given in this village. The craze for morris dancing so prevalent in England now has spread to this out-of-the-way Welsh village, and, assisted by the rector and his wife, I have been teaching the school children here for some time past. We helped, with great success, in a church pageant held here in February, and last week gave a performance on our own account. We arranged the stage with a background of trees and woodland, and strewed real hay about it, which was raked into cocks during a preliminary sketch, played by several people dressed as old-fashioned farm labourers and milkmaids, and then the gay little throng danced, and performed their dances with great spirit. The dresses were designed from a print in the Old Cries of London Series, and were very effective in delicate mauve, green and Indian pink. The children simply delight in the dancing, and since I have been teaching these little folk they have taught their friends and relations, and it is now quite a common sight to see a spirited morris dance going on in the village ground, in a garden, or any convenient spot—a great improvement on the meaningless idling about so often to be seen in country places. I am indebted to Miss May Neal for her excellent books, with the help of which (and a lesson from one of her able young instructors) I have managed to train my little troupe. I find girls and boys equally enthusiastic; and though the boys certainly get a more vigorous swing into the movements, the girls are quite as good in the stick-tapping and more intricate dances.—AUGUSTA COXON, Llanfairfechan.



A WELSH MORRIS.

hardly a more pleasant sight in ordinary country life than that of a smart, trim, neat lass, whether young mistress or maid, stepping along in pattens. Of pattens I remember not a few kinds, and with distinctive usefulness. There

were pattens for slopping and swilling purposes, which were of a heavy make; there were some of lighter build, which were used for going about in on wet or snowy days, when the rough work of the morning and forenoon was done; and there were Sunday pattens which were also known as "go-to-meeting" pattens. These had lighter-made rings, had somewhat dainty toe-caps into which the shoe toe fitted, and, tied with ribbon, black or blue, had a neat appearance, and added height, at any rate, if not much dignity to the wearer. On all sloppy days, winter or summer, pattens were worn, and old and young went to church in them, and it was a common sight to see rows of pattens in the church porches or just within the church on a Sunday morning while service was on. There were just a few old women who, with stick in hand and pattens on foot, walked to their places with a slow "click, click," which was not thought indecorous. In the church which I have in my mind just now, the parson, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," I believe, apart from an income of his own, paused if these old parish patters were late, until they had passed to their seats which custom had allotted to them. These were "pattern" days as well as "patten" days.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

A DEFEATED SWIFT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I forward you a photograph of a swift taken by Mrs. Wilson. It is rather an unique picture, and the way she came to obtain it was as follows: A starling and this swift had a dispute over a hole in the building for their nesting quarters, and in the struggle which ensued both birds came to the ground together. The starling was the first to recover his presence of mind and fly away, but the swift appeared to have a difficulty in rising from the ground, and after a struggle she managed to fly up on to the wall where she clung for some time, and Mrs. Wilson took the opportunity to obtain a picture of her in that position. After some time elapsed the swift flew safely away, appearing none the worse for her encounter.—WALTER WILSON.



A DIFFICULTY IN RISING.

PATTENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Probably to many of the older readers of COUNTRY LIFE, the few words on pattens, with an illustration of an old pair and how they were worn, brought up some pleasant memories of those days when nearly all women-folk, in the course of some portion of each day's work, wore this noisy, yet most useful, over-footwear, and I remember them well when the old women clattered along to noises of their own making, for though noisy, the "click, clicking" was not an unpleasant sound, whether on the turnpike, lane, the yard paved with "setts," or across the kitchen floor. By the sound they made it was easy to tell whether the wearer was young or old; and there was

renew its destructive work. A more effective treatment is to pour into the holes a solution of corrosive sublimate (perchloride of mercury) in methylated spirit in the proportions of half an ounce to one pint. As this is a deadly poison, great care must be taken in its use, and any brush used to work it into the holes should be promptly burnt. This treatment will destroy polish, but repolishing is a small disadvantage compared with the evil which the solution cures. Some experts use pure carbolic, but the smell is a nuisance, and if it touches the hands a severe burn results. On the whole, corrosive sublimate is the most efficient agent to remove the pest; but if the piece of furniture is riddled with holes it is wiser to keep it away from other woodwork until it is certain that the worms are entirely destroyed.—Ed.]

WORM-EATEN FURNITURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you can recommend a cure for stopping worm-eaten wood from increasing.—C. E. A.

[Our correspondent's difficulty is one that has often been discussed in our columns. To soak the infected furniture in paraffin or turpentine is the commonest method, but when they have evaporated any worm not driven out or killed will renew its destructive work. A more effective treatment is to pour into the holes a solution of corrosive sublimate (perchloride of mercury) in methylated spirit in the proportions of half an ounce to one pint. As this is a deadly poison, great care must be taken in its use, and any brush used to work it into the holes should be promptly burnt. This treatment will destroy polish, but repolishing is a small disadvantage compared with the evil which the solution cures. Some experts use pure carbolic, but the smell is a nuisance, and if it touches the hands a severe burn results. On the whole, corrosive sublimate is the most efficient agent to remove the pest; but if the piece of furniture is riddled with holes it is wiser to keep it away from other woodwork until it is certain that the worms are entirely destroyed.—Ed.]

THE OSIER STRIPPERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph is of osier strippers at work near the Wye, Ross, Herefordshire. The osiers which the women are stripping are grown in a plot of ground near Wilton Castle, extending to about five acres, close to the river's edge, and liable to be flooded when the river rises. There are several species of osiers native to Britain, including *Salix viminalis*, the common osier. They are "chiefly employed in basket-making on account of their tough, flexible shoots." The willow branches are cut here after their leaves have gone, just before or after Christmas, stacked in sheaves and then placed with their ends in a brook or pit of water to make the sap rise. About May (when the photograph was taken) those withies which are to be made into white baskets are ready for stripping, and the others are used as they are for brown baskets. After the bark has been taken off, the whitened osiers must be kept a month or two to harden, or the basket if made too soon would shrink.—M. L. S.



STRIPPING THE WILLOWS.